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1870

No. XV.

H'S STANDARD DRAMA.

THE HUNCHBACK.

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES:

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LATEST CORRECTIONS.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

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IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LATEST CORRECTIONS.

ALL THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

AS PERFORMED BY MR. KNOWLES, MR. AND MISS KEMBLE,
MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN

THE ONLY UNMUTILATED EDITION, ^{Miss}

With the Stage Omissions carefully marked with inverted commas.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,
122 NASSAU STREET.

PR 4859

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1870

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Covent Garden, 1832.

Park, 1845.

Chesnu. 51 1845.

Master Walter	Mr. J. S. Knowles.	Mr. Bass.	Mr. Maywood
Sir Thomas Clifford. .	" C. Kemble.	" Chas. Kean.	" Chas. Kemble
Lord Tinsel	" Wrench.	" De Walden.	" Murdock
Modus	" Abbott.	" G. Barrett	" Rowbotham
Fathom	" Meadows.	" Fisher.	" Watson
Master Wilford	" J. Mason.	" Crocker.	" J. G. Power
Master Heartwell.	" Evans.	" Anderson.	" Walstein
Gaylove	" Henry.	" Pearson.	" Darley
Thomas	" Barnes.	" Povey.	" Kent
Stephen	" Payne.	" McDouall.	" Jervis
Simpson	" Brady.	" Bulard.	" Broad
Williams	" Irwin.	" Gourlay.	" Eberle
Holdwell	" Bender.	" Gallott.	" Craddock
Servant	" Cooper.	" King.	" Brittingham
Julia	Miss F. Kemble.	Mrs. Chas. Kean	Miss Fanny Kemble
Pelen	Miss Taylor.	Mrs. Abbott.	Mrs. Rowbotham

COSTUMES.

MASTER WALTER.—Black Old-English doublet, puffed with silk or black satin, black mantle, black cap and plume, sword and cane.

SIR THOMAS CLIFFORD.—Dark coloured doublet richly slashed with crimson, dark mantle, trunks trimmed with lace, russet boots, buff hat and white feathers, ruff, and sword with handsome scabbard.

LORD TINSEL.—Blue and silver jacket and pantaloons, trimmed with silk cord, plated buttons, fancy coloured vest, hat and feathers, silk stockings with gold clocks.

MODUS.—Brown Old-English dress trimmed with blue, hat and feathers.

FATHOM.—Old-English livery.

MASTER WILFORD.—First dress: Old-English doublet and mantle slightly ornamented.—Second dress: Rich nobleman's suit,—fancy coloured jacket and pantaloons trimmed with lace,—trunks, boots and mantle trimmed,—russet boots, and rich cap and feathers.

JULIA.—First dress: White muslin, trimmed with lace.—Second dress: White satin gown, with silk spencer or boddice according to taste, hat and ostrich feathers.—Third dress: White satin robe and demi-train, trimmed with lace, white satin shoes.

HELEN.—First dress: White muslin trimmed with pink or blue silk and girdle of the same.—second dress of satin.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, are usually omitted in the representation.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE appearance of "The Hunchback" marked an era in the history of English dramatic literature. It did much to restore a taste for theatrical entertainments of an elevated character both in England and the United States, and to silence the cry of those critical croakers, the continual burthen of whose lament was "the decline of the drama." A freshness and frankness in the spirit, a heartiness in the tone, and a manly, muscular energy in the language of this admirable play, called to mind the dramatists of the day of Elizabeth. And yet Knowles is no imitator. His style is singularly original. Indeed it is sometimes a little too liberally garnished with absolute *Knowles-isms*; as where he attains conciseness of expression at the price of obscurity, or, by the convolution of his sentences, conceals without invigorating the sentiment.

"The Hunchback" was first produced the 5th of April, 1832, at the Covent Garden Theatre. It had been offered to the managers of the rival house of Drury Lane; but they had been either so obtuse or so impolitic as to slight its claims to their attention. The penalty for their neglect was, that they were obliged to close their doors a month before the usual period, simply because no attraction they could offer could compete with that of the new play.

Its success was instant and imposing. In the part of *Julia*, Miss Fanny Kemble surpassed all her former efforts. "It was," says a contemporary critic, who also writes like a candid one, "a noble and at the same time a most touching performance; noble in the sustained energy of its passion in some of the scenes, and touching in the pure depths of its pathos in others. Her exclamation (in the scene with Master Walter) of '*Do it!*' with reference to the breaking off the hated match with the Earl, was the most remarkable instance of the first, and her cry—half fond, half froward and impatient—of '*Clifford, is it you?*' was an exquisite example of the other.

"But the great novelty of the night was the acting of Mr. Knowles himself, in the character of *Master Walter*; and we can agree with all the praise, and but little, if any, of the censure, which have been bestowed upon his performance. It was in many parts the most *natural* that we remember to have seen on the English stage: it was in

some parts vigorous, and even dignified, and it was intellectual and original in all. We speak of the mellowed performance, not that of the first night, in which the actor commenced under an erroneous impression as to the effect and capability of his physical powers, with reference to the locality on which they were to be employed.

“ Finally, Mr. Kemble’s *Clifford* was a delightful specimen of graceful and gentlemanly propriety ; and Miss Taylor’s *Helen*, though greatly overdone, was full of sterling comic humor and vivacity.”

Most of the London critics were less complimentary in their comments upon the acting of Mr. Knowles. One of them remarked : “ His voice is without modulation, always in one loud key, pumping out the words ; which are, moreover, enriched with a genuine and classic brogue.”

Soon after “ *The Hunchback* ” had been made familiar to English play-goers, those of this country had an opportunity of witnessing the excellent performances of Mr. Charles Kemble and his daughter in this piece. Subsequently, Mr. Knowles himself made us a visit, and impersonated *Master Walter* in our principal cities. We knew and loved the man ; but must turn informer to posterity so far as to confess that his brogue, even in acting, was rich and ripe. How could it be otherwise, when he was so thoroughly national as to be well content with the familiar prefix of *Paddy* to his name ? He did not attract large audiences at our theatres ; although respect for the dramatist and affection for the man secured him some substantial returns. It was often a subject of regret with us, that our laws for the protection of literary property were not such, that he could derive some benefit from the frequent performance of those sterling productions of his genius, “ *The Hunchback*,” and “ *The Wife*.” Here were foreign managers and actors making their thousands in this country out of the fruits of his dramatic toil ; while he was debarred from exacting a penny from these persons for the use of his popular plays ! When shall we have legislators with souls to rectify such rank injustice ?

The character of *Julia* has been a sort of test-part for the display of the abilities of nearly all the accomplished actresses, who have appeared upon our boards since the production of “ *The Hunchback* ” Miss Vincent, Miss Wheatley, Miss Phillips, Miss Jarman, and Mrs. Charles Kean, have been deservedly praised for their exquisite embodyings of Master Walter’s wayward daughter. Recently Mrs. Mowatt, who is the peer of any one of her predecessors in the respect of talent if not of stage experience, has added this part to her *role*, and won new laurels by her spirited personation of it in the Southern theatres.

The scene of “ *The Hunchback* ” is laid about the time of Charles I. The story is that of a father, who, in consequence of his personal de-

formity, imagines that his daughter will be wanting in filial affection, and so brings her up in ignorance of their true relationship. She knows him only as Master Walter, her kind friend and guardian. He proves in the end to be the rightful possessor of the peerage of Rochdale; but before this is discovered, he has found in the person of Sir Thomas Clifford a suitor for his daughter. Julia, while yet a simple country maiden, accepts this suitor; but on being tried by the gayeties of a city life, she enters into them so heartily as to make her lover question the sincerity of her attachment to himself. She takes offence at his monitions, and, while her pride is stung and her resentment aroused, consents—"only to show him she can wed above him"—to receive the addresses of the supposed Earl of Rochdale. But no sooner is her word passed than she bitterly repents of her precipitancy. When she learns that adversity has overtaken Clifford, the generosity of her nature is beautifully betrayed; and the scenes in which she thenceforward appears are wrought up to an intensity of interest.

Such are some of the principal incidents, upon which the plot turns. It is not very luminously developed. There are crudities and obscurities in the construction; of which, indeed, no one can be more aware than the author himself. It does not clearly appear, for example, whether Clifford and Master Walter are not, after the third act, in collusion with each other; and the precise position of Lord Rochdale is not very intelligibly defined. An audience, however, will be generally too much interested in Julia to pay regard to these subordinate questions of the play. This charming creation presents throughout one of the most consummate feminine portraits ever depicted by any dramatist.

Much cannot be said in praise of the underplot. Some of the characters are quite unworthy of the good company, in which they find themselves. *Modus* is a conception of but little genuine humor; and, little as that is, it is partially borrowed from *Gradus* in "Who's the Dupe?" The scenes between the sheepish student of Ovid and his cousin *Helen*, (why need she have been a cousin?) always seemed to us forced and inharmonious. No young woman of any refinement, natural or acquired, could have played the wooer as she does; and no man of sense, whether a recluse or a man of the world, could have been entrapped by the exercise of such unfeminine arts as she stoops to employ. We always pity the actress, who is cast in the part of *Helen*.

But, after enumerating all imaginable flaws and defects, there is a large balance of beauties in this play, sufficient to excite our gratitude and admiration, and to justify the unparalleled popularity which it has attained. It will be read, acted and admired, while a vestige of the English drama remains.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THIS comedy owes its existence to the failure of "The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," which was produced under the most unfavourable circumstances, and in the unavoidable absence of the author. I did not like to be baffled, especially, as I thought, without good reason; and cheered by the generous, enthusiastic advocacy of the Atlas (a perfect stranger to me), I set to work upon "The Hunchback."

My friend, Mr. Macready, who was very angry with me for again attempting a walk in which I had failed,—and who came to Glasgow, solely, as I believe, for the object of expostulating with me,—was the first to encourage me to proceed. I had completed my first act. I read it to him, and he told me to go on. This I thought the happiest of omens, for many a proof had he given me of his admirable judgment in such things. This happened about two years ago.

It was not, however, until the latter end of the summer of 1831, that I had leisure to proceed with my work. I recommenced it in the pleasant walks about Birmingham, and completed it on the sands of Newhaven—my roomy study; where, at the same time, I remodelled "Alfred." I brought both plays up to town with me in April last.

"The Hunchback" was read to Mr. Lee, and instantly accepted by that gentleman, who, without hesitation, granted me terms even more advantageous than those which I required for it from Covent Garden and to whose polite and liberal deportment towards me, during his brief, divided reign of management, I joyfully take this opportunity of bearing testimony. The play, however, was defective in the under plot, which was perfectly distinct from the main one. This error, Mr. Macready pointed out to me,—as did subsequently Mr. Morton, in an elaborate critique as full of kindness as of discrimination. My avocations, however, did not leave me at liberty to revise my work, till about two months ago, when I constructed my under plot anew; and having done my best to obviate objections, presented "The Hunchback" to Drury Lane, from which establishment I subsequently withdrew it, because it was not treated with the attention which I thought it merited.

THE HUNCHBACK

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Tavern. On one side, SIR THOMAS CLIFFORD at a table with wine before him ; on the other, MASTER WILFORD, GAYLOVE, HOLDWELL, and SIMPSON, likewise taking wine.*

Wilf. Your wine, Sirs ; your wine ; you do not justice to mine host of the Three Tuns, nor credit to yourselves. I swear the beverage is good ! It is as palatable poison as you will purchase within a mile round Ludgate ! Drink, gentlemen ; make free. You know I am a man of expectations ; and hold my money as light as the purse in which I carry it.

Gay. We drink, Master Wilford ; not a man of us has been chased as yet.

Wilf. But you fill not fairly, Sirs ! Look at my measure ! Wherefore a large glass, if not for a large draught ? Fill, I pray you, else let us drink out of thimbles. This will never do for the friends of the nearest of kin to the wealthiest peer in Britain.

Gay. We give you joy, Master Wilford, of the prospect of advancement which has so unexpectedly opened to you.

Wilf. Unexpectedly indeed ! But yesterday arrived the news that the Earl's only son and heir had died ; and to-day has the earl himself been seized with a mortal illness. His dissolution is looked for hourly : and I, his cousin in only the third degree, known to him but to be unnoticed by him—a decayed gentleman's son—glad of the title and revenues of a scrivener's clerk,—am the undoubted successor to his estates and coronet.

Gay. Have you been sent for?

Wilf. No; but I have certified to his agent, Master Walter, the Hunchback, my existence and peculiar propinquity; and momentarily expect him here.

Gay. Lives there any one that may dispute your claim.
 “—I mean vexatiously?

“*Wilf.* Not a man, Master Gaylove. I am the sole remaining branch of the family tree.”

Gay. Doubtless you look for much happiness from this change of fortune?

Wilf. A world! Three things have I an especial passion for: the finest hound, the finest horse, and the finest wife in the kingdom, Master Gaylove.

Gay. The finest wife!

Wilf. Yes, Sir; I marry. Once the Earldom comes into my line, I shall take measures to perpetuate its remaining there. I marry, Sir! I do not say that I shall love. My heart has changed mistresses too often to settle down in one servitude now, Sir. But fill, I pray you, friends. This, if I mistake not, is the day whence I shall date my new fortunes; “and, for that reason, hither have I invited you, that having been so long my boon companions, you should be the first to congratulate me.”

Enter WAITER, L.

Wait. You are wanted, Master Wilford.

Wilf. By whom?

Wait. One Master Walter.

Wilf. His Lordship's agent! News, Sirs! Show him in.

[*Rises. Exit Waiter, L.*

My heart's a prophet, Sirs.—The Earl is dead.

Enter MASTER WALTER, L.

Well, Master Walter; how accost you me?

[*All come forward, R.*

Walt. As your impatience shows me you would have
 My lord, the Earl of Rochdale! [*me:*

Gay. Give you joy!

Hold. All happiness, my lord!

Simp. Long life and health unto your lordship!

“*Gay.* Come!

“We'll drink to his lordship's health! 'Tis two o'clock

“We'll e'en carouse till midnight! Hea'th, my lord!”

Hold. My lord, much joy to you! Huzza!

[*All go to the table, fill and drink*

"Simp. Huzza!"

Walt. Give something to the dead!

Gay. Give what?

Walt. Respect!

He has made the living! First to him that's gone,
Say "Peace,"—and then with decency to revels.

Gay. What means the knave by revels?

[*Advances towards Walter*

Walt. Knave!

Gay. Ay, Knave!

Walt. Go to! Thou'rt flushed with wine.

Gay. Thou sayest false!

Tho' didst thou need a proof thou speakest true,
I'd give thee one. Thou seest but one lord here,
And I see two!

Walt. Reflect'st thou on my shape?

Thou art a villain!

Gay. Ha!

Walt. A coward, too!

[*Walks from him, &*

Draw! [*Drawing his sword.*]

Gay. Only mark him, how he struts about!

How laughs his straight sword at his noble back.

Walt. Does it? It cuffs thee for a liar, then!

[*Strikes him with his sword*

Gay. A blow!

Walt. Another, lest you doubt the first!

Gay. His blood on his own head! I'm for you, Sir!

[*Draws*

Clif. Hold, Sir! This quarrel's mine!

[*Coming forward R. of Walter, and drawing*

Walt. No man shall fight for me, Sir!

Clif. By your leave!—

Your patience, pray! My lord—for so I learn
Behoves me to accost you—for your own sake
Draw off your friend!

Walt. Not till we have a bout, Sir!

"Clif. My lord, your happy fortune ill you greet—

"Ill greet it those who love you—greeting thus

"The herald of it!

"Walt. Sir, what's that to you?

Let go my sleeve!

Clif. My lord, if blood be shed
 "On the fair dawn of your prosperity,
 "Look not to see the brightness of its day.
 "'Twill be o'ercast throughout!"

Gay. My lord, I'm struck!

Clif. You gave the first blow, and the hardest one!
 Look, Sir: if swords you needs must measure, I'm
 Your mate, not he.

Walt. I'm mate for any man.

"*Clif.* Draw off your friend, my lord, for your own
 sake!"

Wilf. Come, Gaylove! let us have another room.

Gay. With all my heart, since 'tis your lordship's will

Wilf. That's right! Put up! Come, friends!

[*Exeunt Wilford and friends, R.*]

Walt. I'll follow him!

Why do you hold me? 'Tis not courteous of you!
 "Think'st thou I fear them? Fear! I rate them but
 "As dust! dross! offals! Let me at them!—Nay,
 "Call you this kind? then kindness know I not;"
 Nor do I thank you for't! Let go, I say!

Clif. Nay, Master Walter, they're not worth your wrath

Walt. How know you me for Master Walter? By
 My hunchback, Eh?—"my stilts of legs and arms,
 "The fashion more of ape's, than man's? Aha!
 "So you have heard them, too—their savage gibes
 "As I pass on,—'There goes my lord!' aha!"
 God made me, Sir, as well as them and you.
 Sdeath! I demand of you, unhand me, sir.

[*Disengaging himself*]

Clif. There, Sir, you're free to follow them! Go forth,
 And I'll go, too: so on your wilfulness
 Shall fall whate'er of evil may ensue.
 Is't fit to waste your choler on a burr?
 "The nothings of the town? whose sport it is
 "To break their villain jests on worthy men,
 "The graver, still the fitter! Fie, for shame!"
 Regard what such would say? So would not I,
 No more than heed a cur.

Walt. You're right, Sir; right,
 For twenty crowns! So there's my rapier up!
 You've done me a good turn against my will.

Which, like a wayward child, whose pet is off,
That made him restive under wholesome check,
I now right humbly own, and thank you for.

Clif. No thanks, good Master Walter, owe you me!
I'm glad to know you, Sir.

Walt. I pray you, now,
How did you learn my name? Guessed I not right?
Was't not my comely hunch that taught it you?

Clif. I own it.

Walt. Right, I know it; you tell truth.
I like you for't.

Clif. But when I heard it said
That Master Walter was a worthy man,
Whose word would pass on 'change, soon as his bond,
A liberal man—for schemes of public good
That sets down tens, where others units write;
A charitable man—the good he does,
That's told of, not the half—I never more
Could see the hunch on Master Walter's back.

Walt. You would not flatter a poor citizen?

Clif. Indeed, I flatter not!

Walt. I like your face:
A frank and honest one! Your frame's well knit,
Proportioned, shaped!

Clif. Good, Sir!

Walt. Your name is Clifford—
Sir Thomas Clifford. Humph! You're not the heir
Direct, to the fair baronetcy? He
That was, was drowned abroad. Am I not right?
Your cousin, was't not? So succeeded you
To rank and wealth, your birth ne'er promised you.

Clif. I see you know my history.

Walt. I do.
You're lucky who conjoin the benefits
Of penury and abundance; for I know
Your father was a man of slender means.
You do not blush, I see. That's right! Why should
you?

What merit to be dropped on fortune's hill?
The honour is to mount it. You'd have done it;
For, you were trained to knowledge, industry,
Frugality and honesty,—the sinews

That surest help the climber to the top,
And keep him there. I have a clerk, Sir Thomas,
Once served your father, there's the riddle for you.
Humph! I may thank you for my life to-day.

Clif. I pray you, say not so!

Walt. But I will say so!

Because I think so, know so, feel so, Sir!
Our fortune, I have heard, I think, is ample;
And doubtless you live up to't?

Clif. 'Twas my rule,
And is so still, to keep my outlay, Sir,
A span within my means.

"*Walt.* A prudent rule.

"The turf is a seductive pastime!

"*Clif.* Yes.

"*Walt.* You keep a racing stud? You bet?

"*Clif.* No, neither.

"'Twas still my father's precept—'Better owe
'A yard of land to labour, than to chance
'Be debtor for a rood!'

Walt. "'Twas a wise precept."
You've a fair house—you'll get a mistress for it?

Clif. In time.

Walt. In time! 'Tis time thy choice were made.
Is't not so yet? Or is thy lady-love,
The newest still thou see'st?

Clif. Nay, not so.

I'd marry, Master Walter, but old use—
For, since the age of thirteen, I have lived
In the world,—has made me jealous of the thing
That flattered me with hope of profit. Bargains
Another would snap up, might lie for me
Till I had turned, and turned them! Speculations,
That promised twenty, thirty, forty, fifty,
Ay, cent. per cent. returns, I would not launch in
When others were afloat, and out at sea!
Whereby I made small gains, but missed great losses!
As ever then I looked before I leaped,
So do I now.

Wal. Thou'rt all the better for't!

Let's see! Hand free—heart whole—well favoured—so!
Rich,—titled! Let that pass!—kind, valiant, prudent—

Sir Thomas, I can help thee to a wife,
Hast thou the luck to win her !

Clif. Master Walter !
'ou jest !

Wal. I do not jest.—I like you ! mark—
I like you, and I like not every one !
I say a wife, Sir, can I help you to,
The pearly texture of whose dainty skin
Alone were worth thy baronetcy ! Form
And feature has she, wherein move and glow
The charms, that in the marble cold and still
Culled by the sculptor's jealous skill, and joined there,
Inspire us ! Sir, a maid, before whose feet
A duke—a duke might lay his coronet,
To lift her to his state and partner her !
A fresh heart, too ! A young fresh heart, Sir, one
That Cupid has not toyed with, and a warm one.
Fresh, young, and warm ! mark that ! a mind to boot.
Wit, Sir : sense, taste ; a garden strictly tended—
Where naught but what is costly flourishes.
A consort for a king, Sir ! Thou shalt see her.

Clif. I thank you, Master Walter ! As you speak,
Methinks I see me at the altar foot,
“ Her hand fast locked in mine—the ring put on.”
My wedding bell rings merry in my ear ;
And round me throng glad tongues that give me joy
To be the bridegroom of so fair a bride !

Wal. What ! sparks so thick ? We'll have a blaze anon !

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. The chariot's at the door.

Wal. It waits in time !

Sir Thomas, it shall bear thee to the bower
Where dwells this fair, for she's no city belle,
But e'en a Sylvan Goddess.

Clif. Have with you.

Wal. You 'll bless the day you served the Hunchback
Sir. *[Exeunt, L.]*

SCENE II.—*A Garden before a Country House*

Enter JULIA and HELEN, R. U. E.

Hel. (R.) I like not, JULIA, this, your country life.
I'm weary on't.

Jul. (1) , Indeed ? So am not I !
I know no other ; would no other know.

Hel. You would no other know ! Would you not know
Another relative ?—another friend—
Another house—another anything,
Because the ones you have already please you ?
That's poor content ! “ Would you not be more rich.
“ More wise, more fair ? ” The song that last you learn'd
You fancy well ; and therefore shall you learn
No other song ? Your virginal, 'tis true,
Hath a sweet tone ; but does it follow thence,
You shall not have another virginal ?
You *may*, love, and a sweeter one ; and so
A sweeter life may find, than this you lead !

Jul. I seek it not. Helen, I'm constancy !

Hel. So is a cat, a dog, a silly hen,
An owl, a bat,—where they are wont to lodge
That still sojourn, nor care to shift their quarters.
Thou'rt constancy ? I'm glad I know thy name !
The spider comes of the same family,
That in his meshy fortress spends his life,
Unless you pull it down, and scare him from it.
“ And so, thou'rt constancy ? Art proud of that ?
“ I'll warrant thee I'll match thee with a snail,
“ From year to year that never leaves his house !
“ Such constancy, forsooth !—A constant grub
“ That houses ever in the self-same nut
“ Where he was born, 'till hunger drives him out,
“ Or plunder breaketh thro' his castle wall ! ”
And so, in very deed, thou'rt constancy !

Jul. Helen, you know the adage of the tree ;—
I've ta'en the bend. This rural life of mine,
Enjoined me by an unknown father's will,
I've led from infancy. Debarred from hope
Of change, I ne'er have sighed for change. The town
To me was like the moon, for any thought
I e'er should visit it—nor was I schooled
To think it half so fair !

Hel. Not half so fair !
The town's the sun, and thou hast dwelt in night
E'er since thy birth, not to have seen the town !
Their women there are queens, and kings their men ;
Their houses palaces ! [Crosses, &c.]

Jul. And what of that ?

Have your town palaces a hall like this ?
Couches so fragrant ? walls so high adorned ?
Casements with such festoons, such prospects, Helen,
As these fair vistas have ? Your kings and queens !
See me a May-day queen, and talk of them !

Hcl. Extremes are ever neighbors. 'Tis a step
From one to the other ! Were thy constancy
A reasonable thing—a little less
Of constancy—a woman's constancy—
I should not wonder wert thou ten years hence
The maid I know thee now ; but, as it is,
The odds are ten to one, that this day year
Will see our May-day queen a city one.

Jul. Never ! I'm wedded to a country life .
O, did you hear what Master Walter says !
Nine times in ten, the town's a hollow thing,
Where what things are, is naught to what they show ;
Where merit's name laughs merit's self to scorn !
Where friendship and esteem, that ought to be
The tenants of men's hearts, lodge in their looks
And tongues alone. Where little virtue, with
A costly keeper, passes for a heap ;
A heap for none, that has a homely one !
Where fashion makes the law—your umpire which
You bow to, whether it has brains or not.
Where Folly taketh off his cap and bells,
To clap on Wisdom, which must bear the jest !
Where, to pass current, you must seem the thing,
The passive thing that others think, and not
Your simple, honest, independent self ! [*Crosses, &*

Hcl. Ay : so says Master Walter. See I not
What you can find in Master Walter, Julia,
To be so fond of him !

Jul. He's fond of me.
I've known him since I was a child. E'en then
The week I thought a weary, heavy one,
That brought not Master Walter. I had those
About me then that made a fool of me,
As children oft are fooled ; but more I loved
Good Master Walter's lesson, than the play
With which they'd surfeit me. As I grew up,

More frequen Master Walter came, and more
 I loved to see him. I had tutors then,
 Men of great skill and learning—but not one
 That taught like Master Walter. What they'd show me,
 And I, dull as I was, but doubtful saw,—
 A word from Master Walter made as clear
 As day-light! When my schooling days were o'er—
 That's now good three years past—three years—I vow
 I'm twenty, Helen!—well, as I was saying,
 When I had done with school, and all were gone,
 Still Master Walter came; and still he comes,
 Summer or winter—frost or rain. I've seen
 The snow upon a level with the hedge,
 Yet there was Master Walter!

Hel. Who comes here?

[*Crosses*]

A carriage, and a gay one,—who alights?
 Pshaw! Only Master Walter! What see you,
 Which thus repairs the arch of the fair brow,
 A frown was like to spoil?—A gentleman!
 One of our town kings! Mark—how say you now?
 Would'st be a town queen, Julia? Which of us,
 I wonder, comes he for?

Jul. For neither of us;

He's Master Walter's clerk, most like.

Hel. Most like!

Mark him as he comes up the avenue;
 So looks a clerk! A clerk has such a gait!
 So does a clerk dress, Julia,—mind his hose—
 They're very like a clerk's! a diamond loop
 And button, note you, for his clerkship's hat-
 O, certainly a clerk! "A velvet cloak,
 "Jerkin of silk, and doublet of the same,—"
 For all the world a clerk! See, Julia, see,
 How Master Walter bows, and yields him place,
 That he may first go in,—a very clerk!
 I'll learn of thee, love, when I'd know a clerk!

Jul. I wonder who he is.

Hel. Would'st like to know?

Would'st, for a fancy, ride to town with him?
 I prophesy he comes to take thee thither.

Jul. He ne'er takes me to town. No, Helen, no,
 To town who will—a country life for me!

Hel. We'll see.

Enter FATHOM, L.

Fath. You're wanted, Madam.

Jul. [*Embarrassed.*] Which of us?

Fath. You, madam.

[*Goes up, L.*

Hel. Julia! what's the matter? Nay

Mount not the rose so soon. He must not see it
A month hence. 'Tis love's flower, which, once she wears,
The maid is all his own.

Jul. Go to!

Hel. Be sure

[*Crosses, L.*

He comes to woo thee! He will bear thee hence;
He'll make thee change the country for the town.

Jul. I'm constancy. Name he the town to me,
I'll tell him what I think on't!

[*Crosses, L*

Hel. Then you guess

He comes a wooing?

Jul. I guess naught.

Hel. You do!

At your grave words, your lips, more honest, smile,
And show them to be traitors. Hie to him.

Jul. Hie thee to soberness.

[*Exit, L*

Hel. Ay, will I, when

Thy bridemaids, I shall hie to church with thee.

Well, Fathom, who is come?

[*Comes down, L*

Fath. I know not.

Hel. What!

Did'st thou not hear his name?

Fath. I did.

Hel. What is't?

Fath. I noted not.

Hel. What hast thou ears for, then?

Fath. What good were it for me to mind his name?

I do but what I must do. To do that

Is labor quite enough!

Wal. [*Without, L.*] What, Fathom!

Fath. Here.

Wal. [*Entering, L.*] Here, sirrah! Wherefore did'st
not come to me?

Fath. You did not bid me come.

Wal. I called thee.

Fath. Yes,

And I said, "Here;" and waited then to know
Your worship's will with me.

Wal. We go to town—

Thy mistress, thou, and all the house.

Fath. Well, sir?

Wal. (c.) Mak'st thou not ready, then, to go to town?

Fath. You didn't bid me to make ready, Sir.

Wal. Hence, knave, despatch! [*Exit Fathom.*]

Hel. Go we to town?

Wal. We do;

'Tis now her father's will she sees the town.

Hel. I'm glad on't. Goes she to her father?

Wal. No;

With the consent of thine, she for a term
Shares roof with thee.

Hel. I'm very glad on't.

Wal. What!

You like her, then? I thought you would. 'Tis time
She sees the town.

Hel. It has been time for that,
These six years.

Wal. By thy wisdom's count. No doubt
You've told her what a precious place it is.

Hel. I have.

Wal. I even guessed as much. For that
I told thee of her; brought thee here to see her;
And prayed thee to sojourn a space with her;
That its fair face, from thy too fair report,
Might strike a novice less,—so less deceive her.
I did not put thee under check.

Hel. 'Twas right—
Else I had broken loose and run the wilder!
So knows she not her father yet that's strange.
I prithee how does mine?

Wal. Well—very well.
News for thee.

Hel. What?

Wal. Thy cousin is in town.

Hel. My cousin Modus?

Wal. Much do I suspect
That cousin's nearer to thy heart than blood.

Hel. Pshaw! Wed me to a musty library!

Love him who nothing loves but Greek and Latin !
But, Master Walter, you forget the main
Surpassing point of all. Who's come with you ?

Wal. Ay, that's the question !

Hel. Is he soldier or
Civilian ? lord or gentleman ? He's rich,
If that's his chariot ! Where is his estate ?
What brings it in ? Six thousand pounds a year ?
Twelve thousand, may be ? Is he bachelor,
Or husband ? Bachelor, I'm sure he is !
Comes he not hither wooing, Master Walter ?
Nay, prithee, answer me !

Wal. Who says thy sex
Are curious ? That they're patient, I'll be sworn ;
And reasonable—very reasonable—
To look for twenty answers in a breath !
Come, thou shalt be enlightened—but propound
Thy questions one by one ! Thou'rt far too apt
A scholar ! My ability to teach
Will ne'er keep pace, I fear, with thine to learn.

[*Exeunt* &

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House.*

Enter JULIA, followed by CLIFFORD, R.

Jul. No more ! I pray you, Sir, no more !

Clif. I love you.

Jul. You mock me, Sir !

Clif. Then is there no such thing
On earth as reverence. Honour filial, the fear
Of kings, the awe of supreme Heaven itself,
Are only shows and sounds that stand for nothing.
I love you !

Jul. You have known me scarce a minute.

Clif. Say but a moment, still I say I love you.
Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth ;
Springs by the calendar ; must wait for sun—
For rain ; matures by parts,—must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed !
You look for it, and see it not ; and lo !
E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,
Concurrent in the birth !

Jul. "Is't fear I feel ?

"Why else should beat my heart ? It can't be fear !

"Something I needs must say." You're from the town ;

How comes it, Sir, you seek a country wife ?

"Methinks 'twill tax his wit to answer that."

Clif. In joining contrasts lieth love's delight.

Complexion, stature, nature mateth it,

Not with their kinds, but with their opposites.

Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie ;

The form of Hercules affects the sylph's ;

And breasts that case the lion's fear-proof heart,

Find their loved lodge in arms where tremors dwell !

"Haply for this, on Afric's swarthy neck,

"Hath Europe's priceless pearl been seen to hang,

"That makes the orient poor ! So with degrees—

"Rank passes by the circlet-graced brow,

"Upon the forehead bare of notelessness,

"To print the nuptial kiss ! As with degrees,

"So is't with habits ;" therefore I, indeed,

A gallant of the town, the town forsake,

To win a country bride.

Jul. "His prompt reply,

"My backward challenge shames ! Must I give o'er !

"I'll try his wit again." Who marries me,

Must lead a country life.

Clif. The life I love !

But fools would fly from it ; for Oh ! 'tis sweet !

It finds the heart out, be there one to find ;

And corners in't where stores of pleasures lodge,

We never dreamed were there ! It is to dwell

'Mid smiles that are not neighbors to deceit ;

Music, whose melody is of the heart,

"And gifts that are not made for interest,—

"Abundantly bestowed, by nature's cheek,

"And voice, and hand !" It is to live on life,

And husband it ! It is to constant scan

The handywork of heaven ! It is to con

Its mercy, bounty, wisdom, power ! It is

To nearer see our God !

Jul. How like he talks

To Master Walter ! "Shall I give it o'er ?

"Not yet." Thou would'st not live one half a year !

A quarter night's^t thou for the novelty
Of fields and trees ; but then it needs must be
In summer time, when they go dressed.

Clif. "Not it!"

In any time—say winter ! Fields and trees
Have charms for me in very winter time.

Jul. But snow may clothe them then

Clif. I like them full

As well in snow !

Jul. You do ?

Clif. I do !

Jul. But night

Will hide both snow and them ; and that sets in
Ere afternoon is out. A heavy thing,
A country fireside in a winter's night,
To one bred in the town,—“where winter's said,
‘For sun of gayety and sportiveness,
‘To beggar shining summer.”

Clif. I should like

A country winter's night especially !

Jul. You'd sleep by the fire.

Clif. Not I ; I'd talk to thee.

Jul. You'd tire of that !

Clif. I'd read to thee.

Jul. And that !

Clif. I'd talk to thee again.

Jul. And sooner tire

'Than first you did, and fall asleep at last.

“You'd never do to lead a country life.”

Clif. “You deal too hardly with me !” Matchless maid,
“As loved instructor brightens dullest wit,”

Fear not to undertake the charge of me !

[*Kneels*

A willing pupil kneels to thee, and lays

His title and his fortune at your feet.

“*Jul.* His title and his fortune !”

Enter MASTER WALTER and HELEN, R.—JULIA, disconcerted, retires with the latter, L.—CLIFFORD rises.

Wal. So, Sir Thomas !

Aha ! you husband time ! well, was I right ?

Is't not the jewel that I told you 'twas ?

Would'st thou not give thine eyes to wear it ? Eh ?

It has an owner, tho',—nay, start not,—one
 That may be brought to part with't, and with whom
 I'll stand thy friend—I will—I say, I will!
 A strange man, sir, and unaccountable;
 But I can humour him—will humour him
 For thy sake, good Sir Thomas, for I like thee.
 Well, is't a bargain? Come, thy hand upon it.
 A word or two with thee.

[*They retire, R. Julia and Helen come forward, L.*]

Jul. (L.) Go up to town!

Hel. (R.) Have I not said it ten times o'er to thee?
 But if thou lik'st it not, protest against it.

Jul. Not if 'tis Master Walter's will.

Hel. What then?

Thou would'st not break thy heart for Master Walter?

Jul. That follows not!

Hel. What follows not?

Jul. That I

Should break my heart that I go up to town.

Hel. Indeed! Oh, that's another matter. Well.
 I'd e'en advise thee, then, to do his will;
 And ever after, when I prophesy,
 Believe me, Julia!

[*They retire. Master Walter comes forward*]

Enter FATHOM, L., crosses to Walter.

Fath. So please you, sir, a letter,—a post haste letter!
 The bearer on horseback, the horse in a foam—smoking
 like a boiler at the heat—be sure a post-haste letter!

Wal. Look to the horse and rider.

[*Exit Fathom, L. Opens the letter and reads*]

'What's this? A testament addressed to me,
 "Found in his Lordship's escrutoire, and thence
 "Directed to be taken by no hand
 "But mine. My presence instantly required."

[*Sir Thomas, Julia, and Helen come forward*]

Come, my mistresses,
 You dine in town to-day. [*Crosses, L.*] Your father's will
 It is, my Julia, that you see the world;
 And thou shalt see it in its best attire.—
 Its gayest looks—its richest finery
 It shall put on for thee that thou may'st judge

Betwixt it, and the rural life you've lived
Business of moment I'm but just advised of,
Touching the will of my late noble master,
The Earl of Rochdale, recently deceased,
Cominands me for a time to leave thee there.

Sir Thomas hand her to the chariot. [*Sir Thomas crosses
to her and hands Julia out, L.: they pass Walter, who
then leads Helen out, L.*] Nay,

I tell thee true. We go indeed to town! [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in MASTER HEARTWELL'S House*

Enter THOMAS and FATHOM, R.

Thom. Well, Fathom, is thy mistress up?

Fath. She is, Master Thomas, and breakfasted.

Thom. She stands it well! 'Twas five, you say, when
she came home; and wants it now three quarters of an
hour of ten! Wait till her stock of country health is out.

Fath. 'Twill come to that, Master Thomas, before she
lives another month in town! Three, four, five, six o'clock,
are now the hours she keeps. 'Twas otherwise with her
in the country. There my mistress used to rise what time
she now lies down.

Thom. Why, yes; she's changed since she came hither.

Fath. Changed, do you say, Master Thomas? Changed
forsooth! I know not the thing in which she is not chang-
ed, saving that she is still a woman. I tell thee there is no
keeping pace with her moods. In the country, she had
none of them. When I brought what she asked for, it was
"thank you, Fathom," and no more to do; but now, noth-
ing contents her. Hark ye! were you a gentleman, Mas-
ter Thomas,—for then you know you would be a different
kind of man,—how many times would you have your coat
altered?

Thom. Why, Master Fathom, as many times as it would
take to make it fit me.

Fath. Good ! But supposing it fitted thee at first ?

Thom. Then would I have it altered not at all.

Fath. Good ! Thou would'st be a reasonable gentleman. Thou would'st have a conscience. Now hark to a tale about my lady's last gown. How many times, think you, took I it back to the sempstress ?

Thom. Thrice, may be.

Fath. Thrice, may be ! Twenty times, may be ; and not a turn too many for the truth on't. Twenty times, on the oath of the sempstress. Now mark me—can you count ?

Thom. After a fashion.

Fath. You have much to be thankful for, Master Thomas ; you London serving-men know a world of things, which we in the country never dream of. Now mark :—four times took I it back for the flounce ; twice for the sleeves ; thrice for the tucker. How many times in all is that ?

Thom. Eight times to a fraction, Master Fathom.

Fath. What a master of figures you are ! Eight times—now recollect that ! And then found she fault with the trimmings. Now, tell me how many times took I back the gown for the trimmings ?

Thom. Eight times more, perhaps !

Fath. Ten times to a certainty. How many times make that ?

Thom. Eighteen, Master Fathom by the rule of addition.

Fath. And how many times more will make twenty ?

Thom. Twice, by the same rule.

Fath. Thou hast worked with thy pencil and slate, Master Thomas ! Well, ten times, as I said, took I back the gown for the trimmings : and was she content after all ? I warrant you, no, or my ears did not pay for it. She wished, she said, that the slattern sempstress had not touched the gown ; for naught had she done, but botched it. Now what, think you, had the sempstress done to the gown ?

Thom. To surmise that, I must be learned in the sempstress's art.

Fath. The sempstress's art ! Thou has hit it ! Oh, the sweet sempstress ! The excellent sempstress ! Mistress of her scissors and needles, which are pointless and edgeless to her art ! The sempstress had done nothing to the

gown, yet raves and storms my mistress at her for having botched it in the making and mending; and orders her straight to make another one, which home the sempstress brings on Tuesday last.

Thom. And found thy fair mistress as many faults with that?

Fath. Not one! She finds it a very pattern of a gown! A well sitting flounce! The sleeves a fit—the tucker a fit—the trimmings her fancy to a T—ha! ha! ha! and she praised the sempstress—ha! ha! ha! and she smiles at me, and I smile—ha! ha! ha! and the sempstress smiles—ha! ha! ha! Now why did the sempstress smile?

Thom. That she had succeeded so well in her art.

Fath. Thou hast hit it again. The jade must have been born a sempstress. If ever I marry, she shall work for my wife. The gown was the same gown, and there was my mistress's twentieth mood!

Thom. What, think you, will Master Walter say when he comes back? I fear he'll hardly know his country maid again. Has she yet fixed her wedding day?

Fath. She has, Master Thomas. I coaxed it from her maid. She marries Monday week.

Thom. Comes not Master Walter back to-day?

Fath. Your master expects him. [*Bell ringing, L.*] Perhaps that's he. I prithee go and open the door; do, Master Thomas, do; for proves it my master, he'll surely question me.

Thom. And what should I do?

Fath. Answer him, Master Thomas, and make him none the wiser. He'll go mad, when he learns how my lady flaunts it! Go! open the door, I prithee. Fifty things, Master Thomas, know you, for one thing that I know; you can turn and twist a matter into any other kind of matter, and then twist and turn it back again, if needs be; so much you servants of the town beat us of the country, Master Thomas. Open the door, now; do, Master Thomas, do!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Garden with two Arbors, R. and L.*

Enter MASTER HEARTWELL, R., and MASTER WALTER, L., meeting.

Heart. Good Master Walter, welcome back again!

Wal. I'm glad to see you, Master Heartwell.

Heart. How,

I pray you, sped the weighty bus'ness which
So sudden called you hence?

Wal. Weighty, indeed!

What thou would'st ne'er expect—wilt scarce believe!
Long hidden wrong, wondrously come to light,
And great right done! But more of this, anon.
Now of my ward discourse! Likes she the town?
How does she? Is she well? Can'st match me her
Amongst your city maids?

Heart. Nor court ones neither!

She far outstrips them all!

Wal. I knew she would.

What else could follow in a maid so bred?
A pure mind, Master Heartwell!—not a taint
From intercourse with the distempered town;
With which all contact was walled out; until,
Matured in soundness, I could trust her to it,
And sleep amidst infection.

[*Chorus* *see* *E*]

Heart. Master Walter!

Wal. Well?

Heart. Tell me, prithee, which is likelier
'To plough a sea in safety?—he that's wont
To sail in it,—or he that by the *chart*
Is master of its soundings, bearings,—knows
Its headlands, havens, currents,—where 'tis bold,
And where behoves to keep a good look out?—
The one will swim where sinks the other one!

Wal. The drift of this?

Heart. Do you not guess it?

Wal. Humph!

Heart. If you would train a maid to live in town
Breed her not in the country!

Wal. Say you so?

And stands she not the test?

Heart. As snow stands fire!

Your country maid has melted all away,
And plays the city lady to the height:—
Her mornings gives to mercers, milliners,
Shoemakers, jewellers, and haberdashers;
Her noons, to calls; her afternoons, to dressing;

Evenings, to plays or cards; and nights to routs,
Balls, masquerades! Sleep only ends the riot,
Which waking still begins!

Wal. I'm all amaze!
How bears Sir Thomas this?

Heart. Why, patiently;
Though, one can see, with pain.

Wal. She loves him? Ha!
That shrug is doubt! She'd ne'er consent to wed him.
Unless she loved him!—never! Her young fancy,
The pleasures of the town—new things—have caught.
Anon their hold will slacken: she'll become
Her former self again: to its old train
Of sober feelings will her heart return;
And then she'll give it wholly to the man,
Her virgin wishes chose!

[*Crosses, &*

Heart. Here comes Sir Thomas;
And with him Master Modus.

Wal. Let them pass:
I would not see him till I speak with her.

[*They retire into the arbor, &*

Enter CLIFFORD and MODUS, R.

Clif. A dreadful question is it, when we love,
To ask if love's returned! I did believe
Fair Julia's heart was mine—I doubt it now.
But once last night she danced with me, her hand
To this gallant and that engaged, as soon
As asked for! "Maid that loved would scarce do this!"
"Nor visit we together as we used,
"When first she came to town." She loves me less
Than once she did—or loves me not at all.

[*Crosses, &*

Mod. I'm little skilled, Sir Thomas, in the world;
What mean you now to do?

Clif. Remonstrate with her!
"Come to an understanding, and, at once—"
If she repents her promise to be mine,

Absolve her from it—and say farewell to her. [*Crosses, &*

Mod. Lo, then, your opportunity—she comes,—
My cousin with her—her will I engage,
Whilst you converse together.

Clif. Nay, not yet!

My heart turns coward at the sight of her.
Stay till it finds new courage ! Let them pass.

[*They retire up, c*

Enter JULIA and HELEN, R.

Hel. So, Monday week will say good morn to thee
A maid, and bid good night a sober wife !

Jul. That Monday week, I trust, will never come
That brags to make a sober wife of me !

Hel. How changed you are, my Julia !

Jul. Change makes change.

Hel. Why wedd'st thou, then ?

Jul. Because I promised him.

Hel. Thou lov'st him ?

Jul. Do I ?

Hel. He's a man to love :

A right well-favoured man !

Jul. Your point's well favoured.

Where did you purchase it ? " In Gracechurch street ? "

Hel. Pshaw ! never mind my point, but talk of him.

Jul. I'd rather talk with thee about the lace.

Where bought you it ? In Gracechurch street, Cheapside
Whitechapel, Little Britain ? Can't you say

Where 'twas you bought the lace ?

Hel. In Cheapside, then,

And now, then, to Sir Thomas ! He is just
The height I like a man.

Jul. Thy feather's just

The height I like a feather ! Mine's too long !

What shall I give thee in exchange for it ?

Hel. What shall I give thee for a minute's talk
About Sir Thomas ?

Jul. Why, thy feather.

Hel. Take it !

" *Clif.* [*Aside to Modus.*] What ! likes she not to speak
of me ! "

Hel. And now

Let's talk about Sir Thomas—" much, I'm sure,
' He loves you.

" *Jul.* Much, I'm sure, he has a right !

" Those know I who would give their eyes to be

" Sir Thomas, for my sake !

"*Hel.* Such, too, know I.

' But among them, none that can compare with him,
' Not one so graceful.

"*Jul.* What a graceful set
' Your feather has !

"*Hel.* Nay, give it back to me
' Unless you pay me for't.

"*Jul.* What was't to get ?

"*Hel.* A minute's talk with thee about Sir Thomas."

Jul. Talk of his title and his fortune, then.

"*Clif.* [*Aside.*] Indeed ! I would not listen, yet I must !

"*Jul.*" An ample fortune, Helen ! I shall be
A happy wife ! What routs, what balls, what masques,
What gala days !

"*Clif.* [*Aside.*] For these she marries me !
' She'll talk of these !

"*Jul.*" Think not, when I am wed,
I'll keep the house as owlet does her tower,
Alone,—when every other bird's on wing.
I'll use my palfrey, Helen ; and my coach ;
My barge, too, for excursions on the Thames ;
' What drives to Barnet, Hackney, Islington !"
What rides to Epping, Hounslow, and Blackheath !
What sails to Greenwich, Woolwich, Fulham, Kew !
I'll set a pattern to your lady wives !

Clif. [*Aside, R. c.*] Ay, lady ? Trust me, not at my expense.

Jul. And what a wardrobe ! I'll have change of suits
For every day in the year ! and sets for days !
My morning dress, my noon dress, dinner dress,
And evening dress ! Then will I shew you lace
A foot deep, can I purchase it ; if not,
I'll specially bespeak it. Diamonds, too !
Not buckles, rings, and ear-rings, only—but
Whole necklaces and stomachers of gems !
I'll shine ! be sure I will.

"*Clif.* [*Aside.*] Then shine away ;

" Who covets thee may wear thee : I'm not he !

"*Jul.* And then my title ! Soon as I put on

" The ring, I'm Lady Clifford. So I take

" Precedence of plain mistress, were she e'en

" The richest heiress in the land ! At town

'O! country ball, you'll see me take the lead,
 "While wives that carry on their backs the wealth
 "To dower a princess, shall give place to me;—
 "Will I not profit, think you, by my right?
 "Be sure I will! Marriage shall prove to me
 "A never-ending pageant. Every day
 "Shall show how I am spoused!" I will be known
 For Lady Clifford all the city through,
 And fifty miles the country round about.
 Wife of Sir Thomas Clifford, baronet—
 Not perishable knight; who, **when** he makes
 A lady of me, doubtless must expect
 To see me play the part of one.

[Crosses, a

Clif [*Comes forward, R. c.*] Most true.
 But not the part which you design to play.

Jul. A list'ner, sir!

Clif. By chance, and not intent.
 Your speech was forced upon mine ear, that ne'er
 More thankless duty to my heart discharged!
 Would for that heart it ne'er had known the sense
 Which tells it 'tis a bankrupt there, where most
 It coveted to be rich, and thought it was so!
 Oh, Julia! is it you? Could I have set
 A coronet upon that stately brow,
 Where partial nature hath already bound
 A brighter circlet—radiant beauty's own—
 I had been proud to see thee proud of it,—
 So for the donor thou hadst ta'en the gift,
 Not for the gift ta'en him. Could I have poured
 The wealth of richest Cræsus in thy lap,
 I had been blest to see thee scatter it,
 So I were still thy riches paramount!

Jul. Know you me, Sir?

Clif. I do! On Monday week,
 We were to wed; and are, so you're content
 The day that weds, wives you to be widowed. **Take**
 The privilege of my wife; be Lady Clifford!
 Outshine thy title in the wearing on't!
 My coffers, lands, are all at thy command;
 Wear all! but, for myself, she wears not me,
 "Although the coveted of every eye,"
 Who would not wear me for myself alone

[Crosses, a

Jul. And do you carry it so proudly, Sir?

Clif. Proudly, but still more sorrowfully, Lady!
I'll lead thee to the church on Monday week.
Till then, farewell! and then,—farewell forever!

[*Takes off his hat*

Oh, Julia, I have ventured for thy love,
As the bold merchant, who, for only hope
Of some rich gain, all former gains will risk!
Before I asked a portion of thy heart,
I periled all my own; and now, all's lost!

[*Exit, R. Modus follows him*

Jul. Helen!

Hel. What ails you, sweet?

Jul. I cannot breathe—quick, loose my girdle, oh!
[*Faints.*

MASTER WALTER, R., and MASTER HEARTWELL, L., *come forward.*

Wal. Good Master Heartwell, help to take her in,
Whilst I make after him!—and look to her!
Unlucky chance that took me out of town!

[*Exit Walter, R.—Heartwell bears off Helen, L. Helen following.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter CLIFFORD, R., and STEPHEN, L., meeting.

Ste. Letters, Sir Thomas.

Clif. Take them home again;
I shall not read them now

Ste. Your pardon, Sir,
But here is one directed strangely.

Clif. How?

Ste. 'To Master Clifford, gent'leman now styled
Sir Thomas Clifford, baronet.'

Clif. Indeed!

Whence comes that letter?

Ste. From abroad.

Clif. Which is it?

Ste. So please you, this, Sir Thomas.

Clif. Give it me.

[*Crosses, L. reading letter*

Ste. That letter brings not news, to wish him joy upon

He was listurbed before, which I guessed by his looks
 e was, he is not more at ease now. His hand to his head!
 A most unwelcome letter! If it brings him news of dis-
 aster, fortune does not give him his deserts: for never
 waited servant upon a kinder master.

Clif. Stephen!

Ste. Sir Thomas!

Clif. From my door remove
 the plate that bears my name.

Ste. The plate, Sir Thomas?

Clif. The plate. Collect my servants and instruct them
 All to make out their claims unto the end
 Of their respective terms, and give them in
 To my steward. Him and them apprise, good fellow,
 That I keep house no more. "As you go home,
 Call at my coachmaker's, and bid him stop
 The carriage I bespoke. The one I have,
 Send with my horses to the mart whereat
 Such things are sold by auction—they're for sale.
 Pack up my wardrobe—have my trunks conveyed
 To the Inn in the next street"—and when that's done,
 Go to my trim'men, and collect their bills,
 And bring them to me at the Inn.

Ste. The Inn!

Clif. Yes; I go home no more. Why, what's the mat-
 ter?

What has fallen out to make your eyes fill up?
 You'll get another place. I'll certify
 You're honest and industrious, and all
 That a servant ought to be.

Ste. I see, Sir Thomas,
 Some great misfortune has befallen you.

Clif. No!

I've health; I've strength; my reason, Stephen, and
 A heart that's clear in truth, with trust in God.

No great disaster can befall the man,
 'Who's still possessed of these! Good fellow, leave me

What you would learn, and have a right to know,
 "I would not tell you now. Good Stephen, nence!"

Mischance has fallen on me—but what of that?

Mischance has fallen on many a better man.

'I pri'hee leave me. I grow sadder while

"I see the eye with which you view my grief.
" 'Sdeath, they will out! I would have been a man,
" Had you been less a kind and gentle one."
Now, as you love me, leave me.

Ste. Never master
So well deserved the love of him that served him.

[*Exit Stephen, a*

Clif. Misfortune liketh company: it seldom
Visits its friends alone. Ha, Master Walter,
And ruffled, too! I'm in no mood for him.

Enter MASTER WALTER, L.

Wal. So, Sir!—Sir Thomas Clifford!—what with speed
And choler—I do gasp for want of breath!

Clif. Well, Master Walter!

Wal. You're a rash young man, Sir!
Strong-headed and wrong-headed—and I fear, Sir!
Not over delicate in that fine sense
Which men of honour pride themselves upon, Sir!

Clif. Well, Master Walter!

Wal. A young woman's heart, Sir,
Is not a stone to carve a posy on!
Which knows not what is writ on't—which you may buy
Exchange, or sell, Sir—keep or give away, Sir;
It is a richer, yet a poorer thing!
Priceless to him that owns and prizes it;
Worthless when owned, not prized; which makes the man
That covets it, obtains it, and discards it,—
A fool, if not a villain, Sir!

Clif. Well, Sir!

Wal. You never loved my ward, Sir!

Clif. The bright Heavens
Bear witness that I did!

Wal. The bright Heavens, Sir,
Bear not false witness. That you loved her not,
Is clear,—for had you loved her, you'd have plucked
Your heart from out your breast, 'ere cast her from your
heart!

Old as I am, I know what passion is.

"It is the summer's heat, Sir, which in vain

"We look for frost in! Ice, like you, Sir, knows

"But little of such heat!" We're wronged, Sir, wronged!

' You wear a sword, and so do I !

Clif. Well, Sir !

Wal. You know the use, Sir, of a sword ?

Clif. " I do.

" To whip a knave, Sir, or an honest man—

" A wise man or a fool—atone for wrong,

" Or double the amount on't." Master Walter,*

Touching your ward, if wrong is done, I think
On my side lies the grievance. " I would not say so,

" Did I not think so." As for love—look, Sir,

That hand's a widower's, to its first mate sworn

To clasp no second one. As for amends, Sir,

You're free to get them from a man in whom

You've been forestalled by fortune, " in the spite

" Which she has vented on him, if you still

' Esteem him worth your anger." Please you read

That letter. Now, Sir, judge if life is dear,

To one so much a loser.

Wal. What, all gone !

Thy cousin living they reported dead !

Clif. Title and land, Sir, unto which, add love ;

All gone, save life—and honour!—which, ere I'll lose,

I'll let the other go !

Wal. We're public here,

And may be interrupted. Let us seek

Some spot of privacy. Your letter, Sir ! [*Gives it back*

Tho' fortune slights you, I'll not slight you ! Not

Your title or the lack of it I heed.

Whether upon the score of love or hate,

With you, and you alone, I settle, Sir.

We've gone too far. 'Twere folly now to part

Without a reckoning.

Clif. Just as you please.

Wal. You've done a noble lady wrong.

Clif. That lady

Has done me wrong.

Wal. Go to ! Thou art a boy

Fit to be trusted with a plaything, not

A woman's heart. Thou know'st not what it is !

* Clifford's reply commences here in the representation—his cue being, *Wronged, Sir, wronged !*

Which I will prove to thee, soon as we find
 Convenient place. Come on, Sir! you shall get
 A lesson that shall serve you for the rest
 O' your life. I'll make you own her, Sir, a piece
 Of Nature's handiwork, as costly, free
 From bias, flaw, and fair as ever yet
 Her cunning hand turned out. Come on, Sir!—come!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing Room.*

Enter LORD TINSEL and the EARL OF ROCHDALE.

Tin. Refuse a lord! A saucy lady, this!
 I scarce can credit it.

Roch. She'll change her mind.
 My agent, Master Walter, is her guardian.

Tin. How can you keep that Hunchback in his office?
 He mocks you.

Roch. He is useful. Never heed him.
 My offer now do I present through him.
 He has the title-deeds of my estates.
 She'll listen to their wooing. I must have her.
 Not that I love her, but that all allow
 She's fairest of the fair.

Tin. Distinguished well:
 Twere most unseemly for a lord to love!
 Leave that to commoners. 'Tis vulgar. She's
 Betrothed, you tell me, to Sir Thomas Clifford?

Roch. Yes.

Tin. That a commoner should thwart a Lord!
 Yet not a commoner. A Baronet
 Is fish and flesh. Nine parts plebeian, and
 Patrician in the tenth. Sir Thomas Clifford!
 A man, they say, of brains. I abhor brains
 As I do tools! They're things mechanical.
 So far are we above our forefathers:—

They to their brains did owe their titles as
Do lawyers, doctors. We to nothing owe them,
Which makes us far the nobler.

Roch. Is it so?

Tin. Believe me. You shall profit by my training:
You grow a Lord apace. I saw you meet
A levy of your former friends, who fain
Had shaken hands with you. You gave them fingers!
You're now another man. Your house is changed,—
Your table changed—your retinue—your horse—
Where once you rode a hack, you now back blood;—
Befits it then you also change your friends!

Enter WILLIAMS, L.

Wil. A gentleman would see your lordship.

Tin. Sir?

What's that?

[*Crosses to Williams*]

Wil. A gentleman would see his lordship.

Tin. How know you, Sir, his lordship is at home?

Is he at home because he goes not out?

He's not at home, though there you see him, Sir,

Unless he certify that he's at home!

Bring up the name of the gentleman, and then

Your lord will know if he's at home or not.

[*Exit Williams, L.*]

Your man was porter to some merchant's door,

Who never taught him better breeding than

To speak the vulgar truth! Well, Sir?

WILLIAMS having re-entered, L.

Wil. His name,

So please your lordship, Markham.

Tin. Do you know

The thing?

Roch. Right well! I'faith, a hearty fellow,
Son to a worthy tradesman, "who would do
Great things with little means; so entered him
In the Temple. A good fellow, on my life,
Naught smacking of his stock!"

Tin. You've said enough!

His lordship's not at home. [*Exit Williams, L.*] "We do
not go

‘By hearts, but orders!’ Had he family—
 Blood—tho’ it only were a drop—his heart
 Would pass for something; lacking such desert.
 Were it ten times the heart it is, ’tis naught!

Enter WILLIAMS, L.

Wil. One Master Jones hath asked to see your lordship.

Tin. And what was your reply to Master Jones?

Wil. I knew not if his lordship was at home.

Tin. You’ll do. Who’s Master Jones?

Roch. A curate’s son.

Tin. A curate’s? Better be a yeoman’s son!

“Were it the rector’s son, he might be known,

“Because the rector is a rising man,

“And may become a bishop. He goes light.

“The curate ever hath a loaded back.

“He may be called the yeoman of the church

“That sweating does his work, and drudges on

“While lives the hopeful rector at his ease.”

How made you his acquaintance, pray?

Roch. We read

Latin and Greek together.

Tin. Dropping them—

As, now that you’re a lord, of course you’ve done—

Drop him.—You’ll say his lordships not at home.

Wil. So please your lordship, I forgot to say,

One Richard Cricket likewise is below.

Tin. Who? Richard Cricket! You must see him,

 Rochdale!

A noble little fellow! A great man, Sir!

Not knowing whom, you would be nobody!

I won five thousand pounds by him!

Roch. Who is he?

! never heard of him.

Tin. What! never heard

Of Richard Cricket! never heard of him!

Why, he’s the jockey of Newmarket; you

May win a cup by him, or else a sweepstakes.

I bade him call upon you. You must see him.

His lordship is at home to Richard Cricket.

Roch. Bid him wait in the ante-room. [*Williams goes*]

Tin. The ante-room?

The best room in your house ! You do not know
 The use of Richard Cricket ! Show him, Sir,
 Into the drawing-room. [*Exit Williams, L.*] Your lordship
 needs

Must keep a racing stud, and you'll do well
 To make a friend of Richard Cricket. " Well, Sir,
 " What's that ?

" *Enter WILLIAMS.*

" *Wil.* So please your lordship, a petition.

" *Tin.* Had'st not a service 'mongst the Hottentots
 " Ere thou cam'st hither, friend ? Present thy lord
 " With a petition ! At mechanics' doors,
 " At tradesmens', shopkeepers', and merchants' only,
 " Have such things leave to knock ! Make thy lord's gate
 " A wicket to a workhouse ! Let us see it—
 " Subscriptions to a book of poetry !
 " Who heads the list ? Cornelius Tense, A.M.
 " Which means he construes Greek and Latin, works
 " Problems in mathematics, can chop logic,
 " And is a conjurer in philosophy,
 " Both natural and moral.—Pshaw ! a man
 " Whom nobody, that is, anybody, knows.
 " Who, think you, follows him ? Why, an M.D.
 " An F.R.S., and F.A.S., and then
 " A D.D., Doctor of Divinity,
 " Ushering in an L.L.D., which means
 " Doctor of Laws—their harmony, no doubt,
 " The difference of their trades ! There's nothing *here*
 " But languages, and sciences, and arts,
 " Not an iota of nobility !
 " We cannot give our names. Take back the paper
 " And tell the bearer there's no answer for him—
 " That is the lordly way of saying ' No.'
 " But, talking of subscriptions, here is one
 " To which your lordship may affix your name.
 " *Roch.* Pray, who's the object ?
 " *Tin.* A most worthy man !
 " A man of singular deserts ; a man,
 " In serving whom, your lordship will serve *me*,—
 " Signor Cantata.

" *Roch.* He's a friend of yours ?

“*Tin.* Oh, n., I know him not! I’ve not that pleasure.
 ‘But Lady Dangle knows him; she’s his friend.
 ‘He will oblige us with a set of concerts,
 ‘Six concerts to the set.—The set, three guineas.
 ‘Your lordship will subscribe?

“*Roch.* Oh, by all means!

“*Tin.* How many sets of tickets? Two at least.
 “You’ll like to take a friend? I’ll set you down
 ‘Six guineas to Signor Cantata’s concerts.”

And now, my lord, we’ll to him,—then we’ll walk.

Roch. Nay, I would wait the lady’s answer.

Tin. Wait!

Take an excursion to the country; let
 Her answer wait for you.

Roch. Indeed!

Tin. Indeed.

Befits a lord naught like indifference.

Say an estate should fall to you, you’d take it,

As it concernéd more a stander-by

Than you. As you’re a lord, be sure you ever

Of that make little, other men make much of;

Nor do the thing they do, but right contrary.

Where the distinction else, ’twixt them and you?

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Master Heartwell’s House.*
Table and two chairs, placed a little out of the centre to-
wards L.

MASTER WALTER *discovered, seated L. of table, looking*
through title-deeds and papers.

Wal. So falls out every thing as I would have it,
 Exact in place and time. This lord’s advances
 Receives she,—as, I augur, in the spleen
 Of wounded pride she will,—my course is clear.
 She comes—all’s well—the tempest rages still.

JULIA enters, L., and paces the room in a state of high ex-
citement.

—*Jul.* What have my eyes to do with water? Fire
 Becomes them better [Crosses, R

Wal. True

Jul. Yet, must I weep
 To be so monitor'd, and by a man !
 A man that was my slave ! whom I have seen
 Kneel at my feet from morn till noon, content
 With leave to only gaze upon my face, [Crosses, L.
 " And tell me what he read there,—till the page
 " I knew by heart, I 'gan to doubt I knew,
 " Emblazoned by the comment of his tongue !"
 And he to lesson me ! Let him come here
 On Monday week ! He ne'er leads me to church !
 " I would not profit by his rank or wealth,
 " Tho' kings might call him cousin, for their sake !"
 I'll show him I have pride ! [Crosses, R.

Wal. You're very right !

Jul. He would have had to-day our wedding day !
 I fixed a month from this. He prayed and prayed :—
 I dropped a week. He prayed and prayed the more .—
 I dropped a second one. Still more he prayed !
 And I took off another week,—and now
 have his leave to wed or not to wed !
 He'll see that I have pride !

Wal. And so he ought.

Jul. Oh ! for some way to bring him to my feet !
 But he should lie there ! Why, 'twill go abroad,
 That he has cast me off. That there should live
 The man could say so ! Or that I should live
 To be the leavings of a man ! [Crosses, R.

Wal. Thy case
 I own a hard one.

Jul. Hard ! 'Twill drive me mad !
 His wealth and title ! I refused a lord—
 I did ! that privily implored my hand—
 And never cared to tell him on't ! So much
 I hate him now, that lord should not in vain
 Implore my hand again !

Wal. You'd give it him ? [Up from chair

Jul. I would.

Wal. You'd wed that lord ? [Advances, L.

Jul. (C.) That lord I'd wed ;—or any other lord, —
 Only to show him, I could wed above him !

Wal. Give me your hand and word to that.

Jul. There ! Take
 My hand and word !

Wal. That lord hath offered you
His hand again.

Jul. He has?

Wal. Your father knows it: he approves of him
There are the title-deeds of the estates, [*Points to table*
Sent for my jealous scrutiny. All sound,—
No flaw, or speck, that e'en the lynx-eyed law
Itself could find. A lord of many lands!
In Berkshire half a county; and the same
In Wiltshire, and in Lancashire! Across
The Irish Sea, a principality!
And not a rood with bond or lien on it!
Wilt give that lord a wife? Wilt make thyself
A countess? Here's the proffer of his hand.

[*Shows her a letter*

Write thou content, and wear a coronet!

Jul. [*Eagerly.*] Give me the paper.

Wal. There! Here's pen and ink.

[*Goes up L. of table and lays the letter down for her to sign.*
Sit down. [*Points to chair R. of table.*] Why do you pause?

A flourish of

The pen, and you're a countess.

Jul. "My poor brain
"Whirls round and round!" I would not wed him now
Were he more lowly at my feet to sue
Than e'er he did!

Wal. Wed whom?

Jul. Sir Thomas Clifford.

Wal. You're right.

Jul. "His rank and wealth are roots to doubt;
"And while they lasted, still the weed would grow,
"Howe'er you plucked it. No! That's o'er—That's
done!"

Was never lady wronged so foul as I!

[*Weeps.*

Wal. Thou'rt to be pitied.

Jul. [*Aroused.*] Pitied! Not so bad
As that.

Wal. Indeed thou art, to love the man
That spurns thee!

Jul. Love him! Love! If hate could find
A word more harsh than its own name, I'd take it,
To speak the love I bear him!

[*Weeps.*

Wal. Write thy own name,
And show how near akin thy hate's to hate.

Jul. [*Writes.*] 'Tis done!

Wal. 'Tis well! I'll come to you anon.

[*Takes the paper hastily, and exit, R.*]

Jul. [*Alone.*] I'm glad 'tis done! I'm very glad 'tis done!

I've done the thing I should. From my disgrace
This lord shall lift me 'bove the reach of scorn—
'That idly wags its tongue, where wealth and state
'Need only beckon to have crowds to laud!'—
Then how the tables change! The hand he spurned,
His betters take! Let me remember that!
I'll grace my rank! I will! I'll carry it
As I were born to it! I warrant none
Shall say it fits me not:—but one and all
Confess I wear it bravely, as I ought!
And he shall hear it! ay! and he shall see it!
I will roll by him in an equipage
Would mortgage his estate—but he shall own
His slight of me was my advancement! Love me?
He never loved me! if he had, he ne'er
Had given me up! Love's not a spider's web,
But fit to mesh a fly—that you can break
By only blowing on't! He never loved me!
He knows not what love is—or, if he does,
He has not been o'er chary of his peace!
And that he'll find when I'm another's wife,
Lost!—lost to him for ever! Tears again!
Why should I weep for him? Who make their woes,
Deserve them! What have I to do with tears?

Enter HELEN, L.

Hel. News! Julia, news!

Jul. What! Is't about Sir Thomas?

Hel. Sir Thomas, say you? He's no more Sir Thomas!
That cousin lives, as heir to whom, his wealth
And title came to him.

Jul. Was he not dead?

Hel. No more than I am dead.

Jul. I would 'twere not so.

Hel. What say you, Julia?

Crosses, L.

Jul. Nothing!

Hel. I could kiss

That cousin! could'nt you, *Julia*?

Jul. Wherefore?

Hel. Why,

For coming back to life again, as 'twere

Upon his cousin to revenge you

Jul. Helen!

Hel. Indeed, 'tis true. With what a sorry grace

The gentleman will bear himself without

His title! Master Clifford! Have you not

Some token to return him? Some love-letter?

Some brooch? Some pin? Some anything? I'll be

Your messenger, for nothing but the pleasure

Of calling him plain 'Master Clifford.'

Jul. Helen!

Hel. Or has he aught of thine? Write to him, *Julia*,

Demanding it! Do, *Julia*, if you love me;

And I'll direct it in a schoolboy's hand,

As round as I can write, 'To Master Clifford.'

Jul. Helen!

Hel. I'll think of fifty thousand ways

To mortify him! I've a twentieth cousin,

A care-for-naught at mischief. Him I'll set

With twenty other madcaps like himself,

To walk the streets the traitor most frequents

And give him salutation as he passes—

How do you, Master Clifford!

Jul. [*Highly incensed.*] Helen!

Hel. Bless me!

Jul. I hate you, Helen!

[*Crosses to R.*]

Enter MODUS, L.

Modus. Joy for you, fair lady!

Our baronet is now plain gentleman,

And hardly that—not master of the means

To bear himself as such! The kinsman lives

Whose only rumored death gave wealth to him,

And title. A hard creditor he proves,

Who keeps strict reckoning—will have interest,

As well as principal. A ruined man

Is now Sir Thomas Clifford.

Hel. I'm glad on't.

Modus. And so am I. A scurvy trick it was
He served you, Madam. Use a lady so!
I merely bore with him. I never liked him.

Hel. No more did I. No, never could I think
He looked his title.

Modus. No, nor acted it,
If rightly they report. "He ne'er disbursed
"To entertain his friends, 'tis broadly said,
"A hundred pounds in the year." He was most poor;
In the appointments of a man of rank,
Possessing wealth like his. "His horses, hacks!
"His gentleman, a footman! and his footman,
"A groom! The sports that men of quality
"And spirit countenance, he kept aloof from,
"From scruple of economy, not taste,—
"As racing and the like." In brief, he lacked
Those shining points, that, more than name, denote
High breeding; and, moreover, was a man
Of very shallow learning.

Jul. Silence, Sir!

For shame!

Hel. Why, Julia!

Jul. Speak not to me! Poor!

Most poor! I tell you, Sir, he was the making
Of fifty gentlemen—each one of whom
Were more than peer for thee! His title, Sir, [*Crosses, a*
Lent him no grace he did not pay it back!
Tho' it had been the highest of the high,
He would have looked it, felt it, acted it,
As thou could'st ne'er have done! When found you out
You liked him not? It was not e'er to-day!
"Or that base spirit I must reckon yours,
"Which smiles were it would scowl—can stoop to hate,
"And fear to show it!" He was your better, Sir,
And is!—Ay, is! though stripped of rank and wealth,
His nature's 'bove or fortune's love or spite,
To blazon or to blur it! [*Retires up c. crosses to R*

Modus. [*Crosses to Helen.*] I was told
Much to disparage him—I know not wherefore.

Hel. And so was I, and know as much the cause.

[*Modus and Helen go up, c.—Julia comes down. R*

Enter MASTER WALTER, with parchments, L.

Wal. Joy, my Julia!

[*Crosses to her*

Impatient love has foresight! Lo you here,
The marriage deeds filled up, except a blank
To write your jointure! What you will, my girl!
Is this a lover? Look! Three thousand pounds
Per annum for your private charges! Ha!
"There's pin money! Is this a lover? Mark
"What acres, forests, tenements, are taxed
"For your revenue; and so set apart,
"That finger cannot touch them, save thine own."
Is this a lover? What good fortune's thine!
'Thou dost not speak; but, 'tis the way with joy!
With richest heart, it has the poorest tongue!

[*Modus comes down R. of Julia—Helen remains i.p, c*

Modus. What great good fortune's this you speak of, Sir?

Wal. A coronet, Master Modus! You behold
The wife elect, Sir, of no less a man,
Than the new Earl of Rochdale—heir of him
That's recently deceased.

"*Hcl.* My dearest Julia,
"Much joy to you!

"*Modus.* All good attend you, Madam!"

Wal. This letter brings excuses from his lordship,
Whose absence it accounts for. He repairs
To his estate in Lancashire, and thither
We follow.

Jul. When, Sir?

Wal. Now. This very hour!

Jul. This very hour! Oh, cruel, fatal haste!

Wal. Oh, cruel, fatal haste! What meanest thou?
Have I done wrong to do thy bidding, then?
I've done no more. Thou wast an off-cast bride,
And would'st be an affianced one—thou art so!
Thou'dst have the slight that marked thee out for scorn
Converted to a means of gracing thee—
It is so! "If our wishes come too soon,
"What can make sure of welcome? In my zeal
"To win thee thine, thou know'st, at any time
"I'd play the steed, whose will to serve his lord,
"With his last breath gives his last bound for him!

"Since only noon have I despatched what well
 "Had kept a brace of clerks, and more, on foot,—
 "And then, perhaps, had been to do again!—
 "Not finished, sure, complete—the compact firm,
 "As fate itself had sealed it!

"*Jul.* Give you thanks!

"*Tho'* 'twere my death! my death!

"*Wal.* Thy death! Indeed,

"For happiness like this, one well might die!"
 Take thy lord's letter!

Enter THOMAS with a letter, L.

Well?

Tho. This letter, Sir,
 The gentleman that served Sir Thomas Clifford—
 Or him that was Sir Thomas—gave to me
 For Mistress Julia.

Jul. Give it me! [*Throwing away the one she holds*

Wal. [*Snatching it.*] For what? [*Exit Thomas, L*
 Would'st read it? He's a bankrupt! stripped of title,
 House, chattels, lands and all! A naked bankrupt,
 With neither purse nor trust! Would'st read his letter?
 A beggar! Yea, a beggar! fasts, unless
 He dines on alms! How durst he send thee a letter?

"A fellow cut on this hand, and on that,

"Bows, and is cut again, and bows again!

"Who pays you fifty smiles for half a one—

"And that given grudgingly!" To send you a letter!

I burst with choler! Thus I treat his letter!

[*Tears and throws it on the ground.*

So! I was wrong to let him ruffle me;

He is not worth the spending anger on!

I prithee, Master Modus, use despatch,

And presently make ready for our ride.

You, Helen, to my Julia look—a change

Of dresses will suffice. She must have new ones,

Matches for her new state! Haste, friends. [*Exeunt Mo-*
dus and Helen, R.] My Julia!

Why stand you poring there upon the ground?

Time flies. Your rise astounds you? Never heed—

'Tud play my lady countess like a queen! [*Exeunt, L*

A C T I V .

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Earl of Rochdale's**Enter HELEN, C. D.*

Hel. I'm weary wandering from room to room ;
A castle after all is but a house—
The dullest one when lacking company !
Were I at home I could be company
Unto myself. " I see not Master Walter.
" He's ever with his ward. I see not her.
" By Master Walter will she bide, alone.
" My father stops in town. I can't see him.
" My cousin makes his books his company."
I'll go to bed and sleep. No—I'll stay up
And plague my cousin into making love !
For, that he loves me, shrewdly I suspect.
How dull he is that hath not sense to see
What lies before him, and he'd like to find !
I'll change my treatment of him—cross him, where
Before I used to humour him. He comes,
Poring upon a book.

Enter MODUS, L.

What's that you read ?

Modus. Latin, sweet cousin.

Hel. 'Tis a naughty tongue
I fear, and teaches men to lie.

Modus. To lie !

Hel. You study it. You call your cousin sweet,
And treat her as you would a crab. " As sour
" 'Twould seem you think her, so you covet her !
" Why, how the monster stares, and looks about !"
You construe Latin, and can't construe that ?

Modus. I never studied women.

Hel. No ; nor men.

Else would you better know their ways : nor read
In presence of a lady. [*Strikes the book from his hand*]

Modus. Right, you say,
And well you served me, cousin, so to strike
The volume from my hand. I own my fault.

So please you,—may I pick it up again ?
I'll put it in my pocket !

Hel. Pick it up.

He fears me as I were his grandmother !

What is the book ?

Modus. 'Tis Ovid's Art of Love.

Hel. That Ovid was a fool !

Modus. In what ?

Hel. In that :

To call that thing an art, which art is none.

Modus. And is not love an art ?

Hel. Are you a fool,

As well as Ovid ? Love an art ! No art
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes
With neither. Is't to hoard such grain as that,
You went to College ? Better stay at home,
And study homely English.

Modus. Nay, you know not
The argument.

Hel. I don't ? I know it better
Than ever Ovid did ! " The face,—the form,—
' The heart,—the mind we fancy, cousin ; that's
" The argument ! Why, cousin, you know nothing.
Suppose a lady were in love with thee,
Could'st thou, by Ovid, cousin, find it out ?—
Could'st find it out, was't thou in love thyself ?
Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love ?
I could, that never read him. You begin
With melancholy ; then to sadness ; then
To sickness ; then to dying—but not die !
She would not let thee, were she of my mind ;
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope ;
From hope to confidence ; from confidence
To boldness ;—then you'd speak ; at first entreat ;
Then urge ; then flout ; then argue ; then enforce ;
Make prisoner of her hand ; besiege her waist ;
Threaten her lips with storming ; keep thy word
And carry her ! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid ! [*Crosses, &c.*
Why, cousin, are you frightened, that you stand
As you were stricken dumb ? The case is clear
You are no soldier. You'll ne'er win a battle.
You care too much for blows !

Modus You wrong me there.

At School I was the champion of my form.

And since I went to College—

Hel. That for College! [*Crosses, n., & fillips with her fingers.*]

Modus. Nay, hear me!

Hel. Well? What, since you went to College?

'You know what men are set down for who boast

'Of their own bravery. Go on, brave cousin!'

What, since you went to College? Was there not

One Quentin Halworth there? You know there was,

And that he was your master!

Modus. He my master!

Thrice was he worsted by me.

Hel. Still was he

Your master.

Modus. He allowed I had the best!

Allowed it, mark me! Nor to me alone,

But twenty I could name.

Hel. And mastered you

At last! Confess it, cousin, 'tis the truth.

A proctor's daughter you did both affect—

Look at me and deny it! Of the twain

She more affected you;—I've caught you now,

"Bold cousin! Mark you! Opportunity"

An opportunity she gave you, Sir,—

Deny it if you can!—but though to others,

When you discoursed of her you were a flame,

To her you were a wick that would not light,

Though held in the very fire! And so he won her—

Won her, because he wooed her like a man,

For all your cuffings. cuffing you again

With most usurious interest. Now, Sir,

Protest that you are valiant!

Modus. Cousin Helen!

Hel. Well, Sir?

Modus. The tale is all a forgery!

Hel. A forgery!

Modus. From first to last: ne'er spoke I

To a proctor's daughter while I was at College.

Hel. It was a scrivener's, then—or somebody's.

But what concerns it whose? Enough, you loved her,

And, shame upon you, let another take her!

Modus. Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me,
I loved no woman while I was at College—
Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.

Hel. Indeed! Now I'll retreat, if he's advancing.
"Comes he not on! Oh, what a stock's the man!"
Well, cousin?

Modus. Well? What more would'st have me say?
I think I've said enough.

Hel. And so think I.
I did but jest with you. You are not angry?

Shake hands! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me so?

Modus. [*Letting her go.*] I swear I squeezed you not!

Hel. You did not?

Modus. No,
I'll die if I did!

Hel. Why, then you did not, cousin:
So let's shake hands again—[*He takes her hand as before*]

Oh, go, and now
Read Ovid! Cousin, will you tell me one thing:
Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?
Behoved him teach them, then, to put them on:—
And that you have to learn. Hold up your head!
Why, cousin, how you blush. Plague on the ruff!
I cannot give't a set. You're blushing still!

'Why do you blush, dear cousin? So, 'twill beat me!
'I'll give it up.

"*Modus.* Nay, prithee don't—try on!

"*Hel.* And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.

"*Modus.* For what?

"*Hel.* To trust my face so near to thine.

"*Modus.* I know not what you mean

"*Hel.* I'm glad you don't!"

Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,
Most marvellously well behaved! They've bred
You well at College. With another man
My lips would be in danger! Hang the ruff!

Modus. Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin

Hel. Dear fool! [*Throws the ruff on the ground*]
I swear the ruff is good for just
As little as its master! There!—'Tis spoiled—
You'll have to get another. Hie for it,
And wear it in the fashion of a wisp.

Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!

You've need to study Ovid's Art of Love. [Exit, R.

Modus. Went she in anger? I will follow her,—

No, I will not! Heigho! I love my cousin!

Oh, would that she loved me! Why did she taunt me

With backwardness in love? What could she mean?

Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me,

Because I lack the front to woo her? Nay,

I'll woo her, then! Her lips shall be in danger,

When next she trusts them near me! Looked she at me

To-day, as never did she look before!

"A bold heart, Master Modus! 'Tis a saying,

"A faint one never won fair lady yet.

"I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't! Yes!"

[*Begins to read, pauses, and thrusts book into his bosom.*

Hang Ovid's Art of Love! I'll woo my cousin! [Exit, R

SCENE II.—*The Banqueting Room in the Earl of Rochdale's Mansion.*

Enter MASTER WALTER and JULIA, L. U. E. He walks across to a chair, brings it forward and sits, R. C., she stands, L.

Wal. This is the banqueting-room. Thou see'st as far
It leaves the last behind, as that excels

The former ones. All is proportion here

And harmony! Observe! The massy pillars

May well look proud to bear the lofty dome.

"You mark those full-length portraits? They're the heads,

"The stately heads, of his ancestral line.

"Here o'er the feast they aptly still preside!

"Mark those medallions! Stand they forth or not

"In bold and fair relief?" Is not this brave?

Jul. [*Abstractedly.*] It is.

Wal. It should be so. To cheer the blood
That flows in noble veins, is made the feast

That gladdens here! "You see this drapery?

"'Tis richest velvet! Fringe and tassels, gold!

"Is not this costly?

"*Jul.* Yes.

"*Wal.* And chaste, the while?

"Both chaste and costly?

"*Jul.* Yes."

Wal. [*Gets up and crosses to L., points off, L. for mirror.*]

Come hither! There's a mirror for you. See!
One sheet from floor to ceiling! Look into it.
Salute its mistress! Dost not know her?

Jul. [*Sighing deeply.*] Yes!

"*Wal.* And sighest thou to know her? Wait until
"To-morrow, when the banquet shall be spread
"In the fair hall; the guests, already bid,
"Around it; here, her lord; and there, herself;
"Presiding o'er the cheer that hails him bridegroom
"And her the happy bride! Dost hear me?"

Jul. [*Sighing still more deeply.*] Yes."

Wal. These are the day-rooms only, we have seen,
For public and domestic uses kept.

I'll show you now the lodging rooms. [*Goes, then turns
and observes Julia standing perfectly abstracted*
You're tired.

Let it be till after dinner, then. Yet one
'd like thee much to see—the bridal chamber.

[*Julia starts, crosses her hands upon her breast, and looks
upwards.*

I see you're tired; yet is it worth the viewing,
If only for the tapestry which shows
The needle like the pencil glow with life. [*She sits on the
chair Master Walter has risen from, R. C. He L.*

The story's of a page who loved the dame
He served—a princess!—"Love's a heedless thing!
"That never takes account of obstacles;
"Makes plains of mountains, rivulets of seas,
"That part it from its wish. So proved the page,
"Who from a state so lowly looked so high,—
"But love's a greater lackwit still than this.
"Say it aspires—that's gain! Love stoops—that's loss!
"You know what comes." The princess loved the page.
Shall I go on, or here leave off?

Jul. Go on.

Wal. Each side of the chamber shows a different stage
Of this fond youth and fonder lady's love.*

* In representation the passages following this are curtailed---and
the scene runs as follows:—Master Walter continues—

"First—no, it is not that.

"*Jul.* Oh, recollect!

"*Wal.* And yet it is!

"*Jul.* No doubt it is. What is't?

"*Wal.* He holds to her a salver, with a cup:

"His cheek more mantling with his passion, than

"The cup with the ruby wine. She heeds him not,

"For too great heed of him;—but seems to hold

"Debate betwixt her passion and her pride,

"That's like to lose the day. You read it in

"Her vacant eye, knit brow, and parted lips,

"Which speak a heart too busy all within

"To note what's done without. Like you the tale?

"*Jul.* I list to every word.

"*Wal.* The next side paints

"The page upon his knee. He has told his tale;

"And found that, when he lost his heart, he played

"No losing game; but won a richer one!

"There may you read in him, how love would seem

"Most humble when most bold,—you question which

"Appears to kiss her hand—his breath or lips!

"In her you read how wholly lost is she

"Who trusts her heart to love. Shall I give o'er?

"*Jul.* Nay, tell it to the end. Is't melancholy?

"*Wal.* To answer that would mar the story.

"*Jul.* Right.

"*Wal.* The third side now we come to.

"*Jul.* What shows that?

"*Wal.* The page and princess still. But stands her
sire

"Between them. Stern he grasps his daughter's arm,

"Whose eyes like fountains play; while through her tears

Wal. The first side paints their passion in the dawn—

In the next side 'tis shining open day—

In the third there's clouding,—I but touch on these

To make a long tale brief, and bring thee to

The last side.

Jul. What shows that?

Wal. The fate of love

That will not be advised.—The scene's a dungeon;

It's tenant is the page—he lies in fetters.

Jul. Hard!

Hard as the steel, the hands that put them on!

" Her passion shines, as, through the fountain drops,
" The sun ! His minions crowd around the page !
" They drag him to a dungeon.

" *Jul.* Hapless youth !

" *Wal.* Hapless, indeed, that's twice a captive ! heart
" And body both in bonds. But that's the chain,
" Which balance cannot weigh, rule measure, touch
" Define the texture of, or eye detect,
" That's forgéd by the subtle craft of love !
" No need to tell you that he wears it. Such
" The cunning of the hand that plied the loom,
" You've but to mark the straining of his eye
" To feel the coil yourself !

" *Jul.* I feel't without !

" You've finished with the third side ; now the fourth !

" *Wal.* It brings us to a dungeon, then.

" *Jul.* The page,

" The thrall of love, more than the dungeon's thrall,
" Is there ?

" *Wal.* He is. He lies in fetters."

Jul. Hard !—

Hard as the steel, the hands that put them on !

Wal. Some one unrivets them.

Jul. The princess ? 'Tis !

Wal. It is another page.

Jul. It is herself !

Wal. Her skin is fair ; and his is berry-brown.
His locks are raven black ; and hers are gold.

Jul. Love's cunning at disguises ! spite of locks,
Skin, vesture,—it is she, and only she !
What will not constant woman do for love,
That's loved with constancy ! Set her the task,
Virtue approving, that will baffle her !
O'ertax her stooping, patience, courage, wit !
My life upon it, 'tis the princess self,
Transformed into a page !

Wal. The dungeon door
Stands open, and you see beyond—

Jul. Her father !

Wal. No ; a steed.

Jul. [*Starting up.*] Oh, welcome steed,
My heart bounds at the thought of thee ! Thou com'st

To bear the page from bonds to liberty.
What else ?

Wal. [*Rising.*] The story's told.

Jul. Too briefly told !

Oh, happy princess, that had wealth and state
To lay them down for love ! " Whose constant love
" Appearances approved, not falsified !
" A winner in thy loss as well as gain."

Wal. Weighs love so much ?

Jul. What would you weigh 'gainst love
That's true ? Tell me with what you'd turn the scale ?
Yea, make the index waver ? Wealth ? A feather !
Rank ? Tinsel against bullion in the balance !
The love of kindred ? That to set 'gainst love !
Friendship comes nearest to 't ; but put it in,
And friendship kicks the beam !—weigh nothing 'gainst it !
Weigh love against the world !

" Yet are they happy that have naught to say to it.

" *Wal.* And such a one art thou. Who wisely wed,
" Wed happily. The love thou speak'st of,
" A flower is only, that its season has,
" Which they must look to see the withering of,
" Who pleasure in its budding and its bloom !
" But wisdom is the constant evergreen
" Which lives the whole year through ! Be that your
flower !

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Well ?

Ser. My Lord's secretary is without.
He brings a letter for her ladyship,
And craves admittance to her.

Wal. Show him in.

Jul. No !

Wal. Thou must see him. To show slight to him,
Were slighting him that sent him. Show him in !

[*Exit Servant, L.*

Some errand proper for thy private ear,
Besides the letter. What's the matter ? Why
This paleness and this trembling ? Mark me, Julia !
If, from these nuptials which thyself invited—
Which, at thy seeking, came—thou would'st be freed.

Thou hast gone too far ! Receding were disgrace,
 Sooner than see thee suffer which, the hearts
 That love thee most, would wish thee dead ! Reflect !
 Take thought ! Collect thyself ! With dignity
 Receive thy bridegroom's messenger ! for sure
 As dawns to-morrow's sun, to-morrow night
 Sees thee a wedded bride !

[Exit, c.]

Jul. [*Alone.*] A wedded bride ?
 Is it a dream ? "Is it a phantasm ? 'Tis
 'Too horrible for reality ! for aught else;
 "Too palpable !" Oh, would it were a dream !
 How would I bless the sun that waked me from it !
 "I perish ! Like some desperate mariner
 "Impatient of a strange and hostile land,
 "Who rashly hoists his sail, and puts to sea,
 "And being fast on reefs and quicksands borne,
 "Essays in vain once more to make the land,
 "Whence wind and current drive him"—I am wrecked !
 By mine own act ! What ! no escape ? no hope ?
 None ! I must e'en abide these hated nuptials !
 Hated !—Ay ! own it, and then curse thyself !
 That mad'st the bane thou loathest—for the love
 Thou bear'st to one, who never can be thine !
 Yes—love ! Deceive thyself no longer. False
 To say 'tis pity for his fall,—“respect,
 “Engendered by a hollow world's disdain,
 “Which hoots whom fickle fortune cheers no more !
 “'Tis none of these :” 'tis love—and if not love,
 Why, then, idolatry ! Ay, that's the name
 To speak the broadest, deepest, strongest passion,
 That ever woman's heart was borne away by !
 He comes ! Thou'dst play the lady,—play it now !

*Enter SERVANT, L., conducting CLIFFORD, plainly attired, as
 EARL OF ROCHDALE'S Secretary.*

Ser. His lordship's secretary.

[Exit, R.]

Jul. Speaks he not ?

Or does he wait for orders to unfold
 His business ? Stopped his business till I spoke,
 I'd hold my peace forever !

[*Clifford kneels, presenting a letter*

Does he kneel ?

A lady am I to my heart's content !
Could he unmake me that which claims his knee,
I'd kneel to him,—I would ! I would !—Your will ?

Clif. This letter from my lord.

Jul. Oh, fate ! who speaks ?

Clif. The secretary of my lord.

[*Rises*

Jul. I breathe !

I could have sworn 'twas he !

[*Makes an effort to look at him, but is unable.*

So like the voice—

I dare not look, lest there the form should stand !
How came he by that voice ? 'Tis Clifford's voice,
If ever Clifford spoke ! " My fears come back"—
Clifford the secretary of my lord !
Fortune hath freaks, but none so mad as that !
It cannot be !—it should not be !—a look,
And all were set at rest.

[*Tries to look at him again, but cannot.*

So strong my fears,
Dread to confirm them takes away the power
To try and end them ! Come the worst, I'll look.

[*She tries again, and is again unequal to the task.*

I'd sink before him, if I met his eye !

Clif. Wilt please your ladyship to take the letter ?

Jul. There Clifford speaks again ! Not Clifford's breath
Could more make Clifford's voice ! Not Clifford's tongue
And lips more frame it into Clifford's speech !
A question, and 'tis over ! Know I you ?

Clif. Reverse of fortune, lady, changes friends :
It turns them into strangers. What I am,
I have not always been !

Jul. Could I not name you ?

Clif. If your disdain for one, perhaps too bold
When hollow fortune called him favourite,—
" Now by her fickleness perforce reduced
' To take an humble tone," would suffer you—

Jul. I might ?

Clif. You might !

Jul. Oh, Clifford ! is it you ?

Clif. Your answer to my lord.

[*Gives the letter*

Jul. Your lord !

Clif. Wilt write it

Or, will it please you send a verbal one?
I'll bear it faithfully.

Jul. You'll bear it?

Clif. Madam,

Your pardon, but my haste is somewhat urgent.
My lord's impatient, and to use despatch
Were his repeated orders.

Jul. Orders? Well, [Takes letter]
I'll read the letter, Sir. 'Tis right you mind
His lordship's orders. They are paramount!
Nothing should supersede them!—stand beside them!
They merit all your care, and have it! Fit,
Most fit they should! Give me the letter, Sir.

Clif. You have it, Madam.

Jul. So! How poor a thing
I look! so lost, while he is all himself!
Have I no pride? [She: rings the bell, Servant enters, R.]
Paper, and pen and ink! [Exit Servant, R.]
If he can freeze, 'tis time that I grow cold!
I'll read the letter.

[Opens it, and holds it as about to read it.]

Mind his orders! So!
Quickly he fits his habits to his fortunes!
He serves my lord with all his will! His heart's
In his vocation. So! Is this the letter?
'Tis upside down—and here I'm poring on't!
Most fit I let him see me play the fool!
Shame! Let me be myself!

[Servant enters, R., with materials for writing.]

A table, sir,
“And chair.”

[The Servant brings a table and chair, R., and goes out.
She sits awhile, vacantly gazing on the letter—then
looks at Clifford.]

How plainly shows his humble suit!
It fits not him that wears it! I have wronged him!
He can't be happy—does not look it—is not!
That eye which reads the ground is argument
Enough! He loves me. There I let him stand,
And I am sitting! [Rises and points to a chair]
Pray you, take a chair. [He bows as acknowledging, and
declining the honor.—She looks at him awhile.]

Clifford, why don't you speak to me?

[Weeps]

Clif. I trust

You're happy.

Jul. Happy! Very, very happy!

You see I weep, I am so happy! Tears

Are signs, you know, of naught but happiness

When first I saw you, little did I look

To be so happy! Clifford!

Clif. Madam?

Jul. Madam!

! call thee Clifford, and thou call'st me madam!

Clif. Such the address my duty stints me to.

Thou art the wife elect of a proud Earl—

Whose humble secretary sole, am I.

Jul. Most right! I had forgot! I thank you, Sir,

For so reminding me; and give you joy,

That what, I see, had been a burthen to you,

Is fairly off your hands.

Clif. A burthen to me!

“Mean you yourself? Are you that burthen, Julia?”

Say that the sun's a burthen to the earth!

Say that the blood's a burthen to the heart!

Say health's a burthen, peace, contentment, joy,

Fame, riches, honours; every thing that man

Desires, and gives the name of blessing to!—

E'en such a burthen, Julia were to me

Had fortune let me wear her.

Jul. [Aside.] On the brink

Of what a precipice I'm standing! Back!

Back! while the faculty remains to do't!

A minute longer, not the whirlpool's self

More sure to suck thee down! One effort! [Sits.] There!

[Recovers her self-possession, takes up the letter and reads]

To wed to-morrow night! Wed whom? A man

Whom I can never love! I should before

Have thought of that. To-morrow night! This hour

To-morrow! How I tremble! “Happy bands

“To which my heart such freezing welcome gives,

“As sends an ague through me!” At what means

Will not the desperate snatch! What's honour's price!

Nor friends, nor lovers,—no, nor life itself!

Clifford! This moment leave me!

[*Clifford retires up the stage, out of her sight*

is ne gone ?

Oh, doctie lover ! Do his mistress' wish

That went against his own ! Do it so soon !—

Ere well 'twas uttered ! No good-bye to her !

No word ! no look ! 'Twas best that so he went !

Alas, the strait of her, who owns that best,

Which last she'd wish were done ! What's left me now !

To weep ! To weep !

[*Leans her head upon her arm, which rests upon the desk—her other arm hanging listless at her side. Clifford comes down the stage, looks a moment at her, approaches her, and kneeling, takes her hand.*

Clif. My Julia !

Jul. Here again ?

Up ! up ! By all thy hopes of Heaven, go hence !

To stay's perdition to me ! Look you, Clifford !

Were there a grave where thou art kneeling now

I'd walk into't, and be inearthed alive,

Ere taint should touch my name ! Should some one come

And see thee kneeling thus ! Let go my hand !

Remember, Clifford, I'm a promised brice—

And take thy arm away ! It has no right

To clasp my waist ! Judge you so poorly of me,

As think I'll suffer this ? My honour, Sir !

[*She breaks from him, quitting her seat*

I'm glad you've forced me to respect myself—

You'll find that I can do so !

Clif. "I was bold—

• Forgetful of your station and my own."

There was a time I held your hand unchid !

There was a time I might have clasped your waist—

I had forgot that time was past and gone !

I pray you, pardon me !

Jul. [*Softened.*] I do so, Clifford.

Clif. I shall no more offend.

Jul. Make sure of that.

No longer is it fit thou keep'st thy post

In's lordship's household. Give it up ! **A day—**

An hour remain not in it !

Clif. Wherefore ?

Jul. Live

In the same house with me, and I another's ?
Put miles, put leagues between us ! The same land
Should not contain us. " Oceans should divide us—
" With barriers of constant tempests—such
" As mariners durst not tempt !" Oh, Clifford ! Clifford !
Rash was the act, so light that gave me up,
That stung a woman's pride, and drove her mad—
Fill, in her frenzy, she destroyed her peace !
O ! it was rashly done ! Had you reproved—
Expostulated,—had you reasoned with me—
Tried to find out what was indeed my heart,—
I would have shown it—you'd have seen it. All
Had been as naught can ever be again !

Clif. Lov'st thou me, Julia ?

Jul. Dost thou ask me, Clifford ?

Clif. These nuptials may be shunned—

Jul. With honour ?

Clif. Yes.

Jul. Then take me ! Hold !—hear me, and take me,
then !

Let not thy passion be my counsellor !
Deal with me, Clifford, as my brother. Be
The jealous guardian of my spotless name !
Scan thou my cause as 'twere thy sister's ! Let
Thy scrutiny o'erlook no point of it,—
And turn it o'er, not once, but many a time ;—
That flaw, speck, yea, the shade of one,—a soil
So slight, not one out of a thousand eyes
Could find it out,—may not escape thee ; then
Say if these nuptials can be shunned with honour !

Clif. They can.

Jul. Then take me, Clifford !

[*They embrace.*]

Enter MASTER WALTER, R. U. E., comes down, R.

Wal. Ha ! What's this ?

Ha ! treason ! What ! my baronet that was,
My secretary now ! Your servant, Sir !
Is't thus you do the pleasure of your lord,—

That for your service, feeds you, clothes you, pays you ?
" Or tak'st thou but the name of his dependent ?"

What's here ?—a letter ! [*Snatches letter from table, R.*]

Fifty crowns to one

A forgery ! I'm wrong. It is his hand.
This proves thee double traitor !

Clif. Traitor !

Jul. Nay,

Control thy wrath, good Master Walter. Do,—
And I'll persuade him to go hence.

[*Master Walter retires up the stage, R. with letter, and remains there till Clifford is off.*]

I see

For me thou bearest this, and thank thee, Clifford !
As thou hast truly shown thy heart to me,
So truly I to thee have opened mine !
Time flies ! To-morrow, if thy love can find
A way, such as thou said'st, for my enlargement,—
By any means thou can'st, apprise me of it,—
And, soon as shown, I'll take it.

Wal. (R.) Is he gone ?

Jul. He is—this moment ! If thou covet'st me,
Win me and wear me ! May I trust thee ? Oh !
If that's thy soul, that's looking through thine eyes,
Thou lov'st me, and I may !—I sicken, lest
I never see thee more !

Clif. As life is mine,
The ring that goes thy wedding finger on,
No hand save mine shall place there !

Wal. Lingers he ?

Jul. For my sake, now away ! “And yet a word.
“By all thy hopes most dear, be true to me !
“Go, now ! Yet stay !” Oh, Clifford, while you're here
I'm like a bark distressed and compassless,
That by a beacon steers ;—when you're away,
That bark alone, and tossing miles at sea !
Now go ! Farewell ! My compass—beacon—land !
When shall mine eyes be blessed with thee again !

Clif. Farewell !

[*Exit, L*]

Jul. Art gone ? All's care ! All's chance—all's darkness !

[*Is led off by Master Walter, R*]

END OF ACT IV

A C T V .

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the EARL OF ROCHDALE'S.**Enter HELEN and FATHOM, L.*

Fath. The long and the short of it is this—if she marries this lord, she'll break her heart! I wish you could see her, madam. Poor lady!

Hel. How looks she, prithee?

Fath. Marry, for all the world like a dripping wet cambric handkerchief! She has no colour, nor strength in her; and does nothing but weep—poor lady!

Hel. Tell me again, what said she to thee?

Fath. She offered me all she was mistress of, to take the letter to Master Clifford. She drew her purse from her pocket—her ring from her finger—her ear-rings from her ears; but I was forbidden, and refused. And now I'm sorry for it! Poor lady!

Hel. Thou should'st be sorry. Thou hast a hard heart, Fathom.

Fath. I, madam! My heart is as soft as a woman's. You should have seen me when I came out of her chamber—poor lady!

Hel. Did you cry?

Fath. No; but I was as near it as possible. I a hard heart! I would do anything to serve her, poor sweet lady!

Hel. Will you take her letter, asks she you again?

Fath. No—I am forbid,

Hel. Will you help Master Clifford to an interview with her?

Fath. No—Master Walter would find it out.

Hel. Will you contrive to get me into her chamber?

Fath. No—you would get me into mischief.

Hel. Go to! You would do nothing to serve her. You a soft heart! You have no heart at all! You feel not for her!

Fath. But I tell you I do—and good right I have to feel for her. I have been in love myself.

Hel. With your dinner!

Fath. I would it had been! My pain would have soon

been over, and at little cost. A fortune I squandered upon her!—trinkets—trimmings—treatings—what swallowed up the revenue of a whole year! Wasn't I in love? Six months I courted her, and a dozen crowns, all but one, did I disburse for her in that time! Wasn't I in love? An hostler—a tapster—and a constable, courted her at the same time, and I offered to cudgel the whole three of them for her! Wasn't I in love?

Hel. You are a valiant man, Fathom.

Fath. Am not I? Walks not the earth the man I am afraid of!

Hel. Fear you not Master Walter?

Fath. No.

Hel. You do.

Fath. I don't.

Hel. I'll prove it to you. You see him breaking your young mistress's heart, and have not the manhood to stand by her.

Fath. What could I do for her?

Hel. Let her out of prison. It were the act of a man

Fath. That man am I!

Hel. Well said, brave Fathom!

Fath. But my place!—

Hel. I'll provide thee with a better one.

Fath. 'Tis a capital place! So little to do, and so much to get for't. Six pounds in the year; two suits of livery; shoes and stockings, and a famous larder. He'd be a bold man that would put such a place in jeopardy. My place, Madam, my place!

Hel. I tell thee I'll provide thee with a better place. Thou shalt have less to do, and more to get. Now, Fathom, hast thou courage to stand by thy mistress?

Fath. I have!

Hel. That's right.

Fath. I'll let my lady out.

Enter MASTER WALTER, unperceived, c.

Hel. That's right. When, Fathom?

Fath. To-night.

Hel. She is to be married to-night.

Fath. This evening, then. Master Walter is now in the library; the key is on the outside, and I'll lock him in.

Hel. Excellent! You'll do it?

Fath. Rely upon it. How he'll stare when he finds himself a prisoner, and my young lady at liberty!

Hel. Most excellent! You'll be sure to do it?

Fath. Depend upon me! When Fathom undertakes a thing, he defies fire and water—

Wal. [*Coming forward.*] Fathom!

Fath. Sir!

Wal. Assemble straight the servants.

Fath. Yes, Sir!

Wal. Mind,

And have them in the hall when I come down.

Fath. Yes, Sir!

Wal. And see you do not stir a step,
But where I order you.

Fath. Not an inch, Sir!

Wal. See that you don't,—away! [*Exit Fathom L.*]

So, my fair mistress,
What's this you have been plotting? An escape
For mistress Julia?

Hel. I avow it.

Wal. Do you?

Hel. Yes; and moreover, to your face I tell you,
Most hardly do you use her.

Wal. Verily!

Hel. I wonder where's her spirit! Had she mine
She would not take't so easily. Do you mean
To force this marriage on her?

Wal. With your leave.

Hel. You laugh.

Wal. Without it, then. I don't laugh now.

Hel. If I were she, I'd find a way to escape.

Wal. What would you do?

Hel. I'd leap out of the window!

Wal. Your window should be barred.

Hel. I'd cheat you still!

I'd hang myself ere I'd be forced to marry!

Wal. Well said! you shall be married, then, to-night

Hel. Married to-night!

Wal. As sure as I have said it.

Hel. Two words to that. Pray, who's to be my bridegroom?

Wal. A daughter's bridegroom is her father's choice.

Hel. My father's daughter ne'er shall wed such bridegroom!

Wal. Indeed!

Hel. I'll pick a husband for myself.

Wal. Indeed!

Hel. Indeed, Sir; and indeed again!

Wal. Go dress you for the marriage ceremony.

Hel. But, Master Walter, what is it you mean?

Enter MODUS, R.

Wal. Here comes your cousin;—he shall be your bridegroom!

The thought's a sudden one,—that will excuse I defect in your appointments. A plain dress,—So 'tis of white,—will do.

Hel. I'll dress in black.

I'll quit the castle.

Wal. That you shall not do.

Its doors are guarded by my lord's domestics;
Its avenues—its grounds: what you must do,
Do with a good grace. In an hour, or less,
Your father will be here. Make up your mind
To take with thankfulness the man he gives you.

Now, [*Aside*] if they find not out how beat their hearts,
I have no skill, not I, in feeling pulses. [*Exit, L.*]

[*Helen and Modus stand at opposite wings, make a long pause, then bashfully look at each other.*]

Hel. Why, cousin Modus! What! Will you stand by
And see me forced to marry? Cousin Modus,
Have you not got a tongue? Have you not eyes?
Do you not see I'm very—very ill,
And not a chair in all the corridor?

Modus. I'll find one in the study. [*Going towards, c. u.*]

Hel. Hang the study!

Modus. My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence.

[*Going, R.*]

Hel. You snar't!

I'll faint ere you come back!

Modus. What shall I do?

Hel. Why don't you offer to support me? Well?
Give me your arm—be quick! [*Modus offers his arm.*] Is
that the way

To help a lady when she's like to faint ?
I'll drop unless you catch me ! [*Falls against him.—He supports her.*] That will do ;
I'm better now—[*He offers to leave her.*—]—don't leave me !
Is one well

Because one's better ? Hold my hand. Keep so.
" I'll soon recover, so you move not. Loves he—"*Aside.*
" Which I'll be sworn he does, he'll own it now."

Well, cousin Modus ?

Modus. Well ! sweet cousin !

Hel. Well ?

You heard what Master Walter said ?

Modus. I did.

Hel. And would you have me marry ? Can't you speak ?

Say yes or no.

Modus. No, cousin.

Hel. Bravely said !

And why, my gallant cousin ?

Modus. Why ?

Hel. Ah, why !—

Women, you know, are fond of reasons—why
Would you not have me marry ? How you look !
" Is it because you do not know the reason ?"

You mind me of a story of a cousin

Who once her cousin such a question asked.

He had not been to college, though—for books,

Had passed his time in reading ladies' eyes,

Which he could construe marvellously well,

" Though writ in language all symbolical."

Thus stood they once together, on a day—

As we stand now—discoursed as we discourse,—

" But with this difference,—fifty gentle words

" He spoke to her, for one she spoke to him !—

" What a dear cousin ! well, as I did say,"

As now I questioned thee, she questioned him

And what was his reply ? To think of it

Sets my heart beating—'twas so kind a one !

So like a cousin's answer—a dear cousin !

A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin !

What did he say ?

Modus. On my soul I can't tell.

Hel. A man might find it out,

Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love.
What did he say ? He'd marry her himself !
How stupid are you, cousin ! Let me go !

Modus. You are not well yet.

Hel. Yes

Modus. I'm sure you're not.

Hel. I'm sure I am.

Modus. Nay, let me hold you, cousin !

I like it.

Hel. "Do you ? I would wager you

"You could not tell me why you like it. Well !

"You see how true I know you !" How you stare !

What see you in my face to wonder at ?

Modus. A pair of eyes !

Hel. "At last he'll find his tongue—[*Aside.*]"

And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before ?

Modus. Not such a pair.

"*Hel.* And why ?

"*Modus.* They are so bright !

"You have a Grecian nose."

Hel. Indeed ?

Modus. Indeed !

Hel. What kind of mouth have I ?

Modus. A handsome one.

I never saw so sweet a pair of lips !

I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin !

Hel. Cousin, I'm well,—you need not hold me now.

Do you not hear ? I tell you I am well !

I need your arm no longer—take't away !

So tight it locks me, 'tis with pain I breathe !

Let me go, cousin ! Wherefore do you hold

Your face so close to mine ? What do you mean ?

Modus. You've questioned me, and now I'll question you

Hel. What would you learn ?

Modus. The use of lips ?

Hel. To speak.

Modus. Naught else ?

Hel. "How bold my modest cousin grows !"

Why, other use know you ?

Modus. I do.

Hel. Indeed !

You're wondrous wise ! And pray, what is it ?

Modus. This! [*Attempts to kiss her.*]

Hel. Soft! My hand thanks you, cousin—for my lips
I keep them for a husband! [*Crosses, r.*] Nay, stand off!
I'll not be held in manacles again!

Why do you follow me?

Modus. I love you, cousin!

Hel. Oh, cousin, say you so! That's passing strange!
'Falls out most crossly—is a dire mishap—"
A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for,
And die for!

Modus. Die for!

Hel. Yes, with laughter, cousin!
For, cousin, I love you!

Modus. And you'll be mine?

Hel. I will.

Modus. Your hand upon it.

Hel. Hand and heart.

Hie to thy dressing room, and I'll to mine—

Attire thee for the altar—so will I.

Whoe'er may claim me, thou'rt the man shall have me.

Away! Despatch! But hark you, ere you go,

Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's Art of Love!

Modus. And cousin! stop—one little word with you!

[*Beckons Helen over to him, snatches a kiss.—She runs off, r.; he takes the book from his bosom, which he had put there in former scene, looks at it and throws it down.—Exit, l.*]

SCENE II.—*Julia's Chamber.*

Enter JULIA, l.

Jul. No word from him, and evening now set in!

He cannot play me false! His messenger

Is dogged—or letter intercepted. I'm

Beset with spies!—No rescue!—No escape!

The hour at hand that brings my bridegroom home!

No relative to aid me—friend to counsel me!

“*[A knock at the door]*

“Come in.

“*Enter TWO FEMALE ATTENDANTS.*

“You? will?

" *1st Attend.* Your toilet waits, my lady ;

" 'Tis time you dress.

" *Jul.* 'Tis time I die ! [*A peal of bells.*] What's that ?

" *1st Attend.* Your wedding bells, my lady.

" *Jul.* Merrily

" They ring my knell !

" [*Second Attendant presents an open case*

" And pray you, what are these ?

" *2nd Attend.* Your wedding jewels.

" *Jul.* Set them by.

" *2nd Attend.* Indeed

" Was ne'er a braver set ! A necklace, brooch,

" And ear-rings all of brilliants,—with a hoop

" To guard your wedding ring.

" *Jul.* 'Twould need a guard

" That lacks a heart to keep it !

" *2nd Attend.* Here's a heart

" Suspended from the necklace—-one huge d amond

" Imbedded in a host of smaller ones !

" Oh, how it sparkles !

" *Jul.* Show it me ! Bright heart,

" Thy lustre, should I wear thee, will be false,—

" For thou the emblem art of love and truth,—

" From her that wears thee, unto him that gives thee.

" Back to thy case ! Better thou ne'er should'st leave it—

" Better thy gems, a thousand fathoms deep

" In their native mine again, than grace my neck,

" And lend thy fair face to palm off a lie !

" *1st Attend.* Wilt please you dress ?

" *Jul.* Ay ! in infected clothes

New from a pest-house ! Leave me ! If I dress,

" I'll dress alone. Oh ! for a friend ! Time gallops !

" [*Excunt Attendants.*]

He that should guard me is mine enemy !

Constrains me to abide the fatal die

My rashness, not my reason, cast ! He comes,

That will exact the forfeit ! Must I pay it ?

E'en at the cost of utter bankruptcy !

What's to be done ? Pronounce the vow that parts

My body from my soul ! To what it loathes

Links that, whue t'n's is linked to what it loves !

Condemned to such perdition ! What's to be done !

Stand at the altar in an hour from this !
An hour thence seated at his board—a wife !
Thence !—frenzy's in the thought ! What's to be done ?

Enter MASTER WALTER, L. U. E.

Wal. (L.) What ! run the waves so high ? Art ready
Julia ?

YOUNG LORD will soon be here ! The guests collect.

Jul. (R.) Show me some way to 'scape these nuptials !
Do it !

Some opening for avoidance or escape,—
Or, to thy charge, I'll lay a broken heart !
It may be, broken vows, and blasted honour !
Or else a mind distraught !

Wal. What's this ?

Jul. The strait

I'm fallen into, my patience cannot bear !
It frights my reason—warps my sense of virtue !
Religion ! changes me into a thing,
I look at with abhorring !

Wal. Listen to me !

Jul. Listen to me and heed me ! If this contract
Thou hold'st me to, abide thou the result !
Answer to heaven for what I suffer !—act !
Prepare thyself for such calamity
To fall on me, and those whose evil stars
Have linked them with me, as no past mishap,
However rare, and marvellously sad,
Can parallel ! Lay thy account to live
A smileless life, die an unpitied death—
Abhorred, abandoned of thy kind,—as one
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace,—
Looked on, and saw her rashly peril it ;—
And, when she owned her danger, and confessed
Her fault, compelled her to complete her ruin !

Wal. Hast done ?

Jul. Another moment, and I have.

Be warned ! Beware how you abandon me
To myself ! I'm young, rash, inexperienced ! tempted
By most insufferable misery !
Bold, desperate, and reckless ! Thou hast age,
Experience, wisdom, and collectedness.—

Power, freedom,—everything that I have not
 Yet want, as none e'er wanted! Thou can'st save me,
 Thou ought'st! thou must! I tell thee, at his feet
 I'll fall a corse—ere mount his bridal bed!
 So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave:
 And quickly, too! The hour of sacrifice
 Is near! Anon the immolating priest
 Will summon me! Devise some speedy means
 To cheat the altar of its victim! Do it!
 Nor leave the act to me!

Wal. Hast done?

Jul. I have.

Wal. Then list to me—and silently, if not
 With patience —[*Brings chair for himself and her.—She a.*
he L.] Sit down.—

How I watched thee from thy childhood,
 I'll not recall to thee. Thy father's wisdom—
 Whose humble instrument I was—directed
 Your nonage should be passed in privacy,
 From your apt mind that far outstripped your years,
 Fearing the taint of an infected world;—
 “For, in the rich ground, weeds, once taking root,
 “Grow strong as flowers.” He might be right or wrong!
 I thought him right; and therefore did his bidding.
 Most certainly he loved you—so did I;
 Ay! well as I had been myself your father!

[*His hand is resting upon his knee, Julia attempts to
 take it—he withdraws it—looks at her—she hangs her
 head.*

Well; you may take my hand! “I need not say
 “How fast you grew in knowledge and in goodness,—
 “That hope could scarce enjoy its golden dreams,
 “So soon fulfilment realized them all!
 “Enough. You came to womanhood. Your heart.
 “Pure as the leaf of the consummate bud,
 “That's new unfolded by the smiling sun,
 “And ne'er knew blight or canker!

“[*She attempts to place her other hand on his shoulder—
 “he leans from her—looks at her—she hangs her head
 “again.*

‘Put it there!’

Where left I off? I know! When a good woman

Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,
 How good so'er before! I found the man
 I thought a match for thee; and, soon as found,
 Proposed him to thee. 'Twas your father's will,
 Occasion obliging, you should be married
 Soon as you reached to womanhood: you liked
 My choice—accepted him.—We came to town;
 Where, by important matter, summoned thence,
 I left you an affianced bride!

Jul. You did!

You did! [*Leans her head upon her hands and weeps*]

Wal. Nay, check thy tears! Let judgment now,
 Not passion, be awake. On my return,
 I found thee—what? I'll not describe the thing
 I found thee then! I'll not describe my pangs
 To see thee such a thing! The engineer
 Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower,
 "It cost him years and years of toil to raise,—
 "And, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves
 "To roar and whistle now—" and, in a night,
 Beholds the tempest sporting in its place—
 Might look aghast, as I did!

Jul. [*Falling on her knees.*] Pardon me!
 Forgive me! pity me!

Wal. Resume thy seat. [*Raises her*]
 I pity thee; perhaps not thee alone
 It fits to sue for pardon.

Jul. Me alone!

None other!

Wal. But to vindicate myself,
 "I name thy lover's stern desertion of thee.
 "What wast thou then with wounded pride? A thing
 "To leap into a torrent! throw itself
 "From a precipice! rush into fire! I saw
 "Thy madness—knew to thwart it were to chafe it—
 "And humoured it to take that course, I thought,
 "Adopted, least 'twould rue!

Jul. 'Twas wisely done.

Wal. At least, 'twas for the best.

Jul. To blame thee for it,
 'Was adding shame to shame!'—But, Master Walter!
 These nuptials!—must they needs go on?

Enter SERVANT, L. U. E

Ser. More guests

Arrive.

Wal. Attend to them.

[*Exit Servant L*]

Jul. Dear Master Walter!

Is there no way to escape these nuptials?

Wal. Know'st not

"What with these nuptials comes? Hast thou forgot?"

Jul. What?

Wal. Nothing!—I did tell thee of a thing.

Jul. What was it?

Wal. To forget it was a fault!

Look back and think.

Jul. I can't remember it.

Wal. [*Up from chair.*] Fathers, make straws your children! Nature's nothing!

Blood, nothing! Once in other veins it runs,

't no more yearneth for the parent flood,

Than doth the stream that from the source disparts.

Talk not of love instinctive—"what you call so,

"Is but the brat of custom! Your own flesh

"By habit only cleaves to you—without,

Hath no adhesion!" [*Aside.*] So, you have forgot
You have a father, and are here to meet him?

Jul. I'll not deny it.

Wal. You should blush for't.

Jul. No!

No! no! dear Master Walter! what's a father

"What you've not been to me? [*He turns his back to her.*]

Nay, turn not from me,

For at the name a holy awe I own,

That now almost inclines my knee to earth!

But thou to me, except a father's name,

Hast all the father been: the care—the love—

The guidance—the protection of a father!

Can'st wonder, then, if like thy child I feel,

And feeling so, that father's claim forget,

Whom ne'er I knew, save by the name of one?

Oh, turn to me and do not chide me! or

If thou wilt chide, chide on! but turn to me!

Wal. [*Struggling with emotion.*] My Julia! [*Weeping*
he holds out his hand to her: she eagerly takes it.]

Jul. Now, dear Master Walter, hear me!
Is there no way to 'scape these nuptials?

Wal. Julia,
A promise made, admits not of release,
"Save by consent or forfeiture of those
"Who hold it—so it should be pondered well
"Before we let it go." Ere man should say
I broke the word I had the power to keep,
I'd lose the life I had the power to part with!
Remember, Julia, thou and I to-day,
Must to thy father of thy training render
A strict account. While honour's left to us,
We've something—nothing, having all but that!
Now for thy last act of obedience, Julia!
Present thyself before thy bridegroom! [*She assents.*
Good!

My Julia's now herself! Show him thy heart,
And to his honour leave't to set thee free,
Or hold thee bound.—They come, they come!* Thy fa-
ther will be by! [*Music.*] "[*Excunt severally*

"SCENE III.—*The Banqueting Room.*

"*Enter MASTER WALTER and MASTER HEARTWELL.*

"*Heart.* Thanks, Master Walter! Ne'er was child
"more bent

"To do her father's will, you'll own, than mine:

"Yet never one more froward.

"*Wal.* All runs fair—

"Fair may all end! To-day you'll learn the cause

"That took me out of town. But soft awhile,

"Here comes the bridegroom with his friends, and here

"The all-obedient bride.

*Enter "on one hand JULIA, and on the other," LORD ROCH-
DALE, with LORD TINSEL and friends; afterwards CLIF-
FORD, C. D.*

Rock (c.) Is she not fair?

* In representation, 'they come, they come' is inserted as above, and there is no succeeding change of scene:—all the verses and directions marked with inverted commas being omitted. *Heartwell* should enter with the friends of the bride.

Ans (L.) She'll do. Your servant, lady! Master Walter,

We're glad to see you. Sirs, you're welcome all!

What wait they for? Are we to wed or not?

We're ready—why don't they present the bride?

hope they know she is to wed an Earl.

Rock. Should I speak first?

Tin. Not for your coronet!

., as your friend, may make the first advance.

We're come here to be married. Where's the bride?

Wal. There stands she, Lord. If 'tis her will to wed
His lordship's tree to take her.

Tin. Not a step!

I as your friend, may lead her to your lordship.

Fair lady, by your leave.

[Crosses to her.]

Jul. No! not to you.

Tin. I ask your hand to give it to his lordship.

Jul. Nor to his lordship—save he will accept

My hand without my heart! “but I'll present

“My knee to him, and, by his lofty rank,—

“Implore him now to do a lofty deed

“Will lift its stately head above his rank,—

“Assert him nobler yet in worth than name,—

“And, in the place of an unwilling bride,

“Unto a willing debtor make him lord,—

“Whose thanks shall be his vassals, night and day

“That still shall wait upon him!”

Tin. What means this?

[Crosses, &c.]

Jul. What is't behoves a wife to bring her lord?

Wal. A whole heart, and a true one.

Jul. I have none!

Not half a heart—the fraction of a heart!

Am I a woman it befits to wed?

Wal. Why, where's thy heart?

Jul. Gone—out of my keeping!

Lost—past recovery! “right and title to it—

“And all given up!” and he that's owner on't,

So fit to wear it, were it fifty hearts

I'd give it to him all!

Wal. Thou dost not mean

His Lordship's secretary!

Jul. Yes. Away

Disguises ! In that secretary know
 The master of the heart, of which, the poor,
 Unvalued, empty casket, at your feet,—
 Its jewel gone,—I now despairing throw !
 “ Of his lord’s bride he’s lord ! lord paramount !
 “ To whom her virgin homage first she paid,—
 “ ‘Gainst whom rebelled in frowardness alone,—
 “ Nor knew herself how loyal to him, till
 Another claim’d her duty—then awoke
 To sense of all she owed him—all his worth—
 And all her undeservings !”

Wal. Rise, my Julia !

Tin. Lady, we come not here to treat of hearts,—
 But marriage ; which, so please you, is with us
 A simple joining, by the priest, of hands.
 A ring’s put on ; a prayer or two is said ;
 You’re man and wife,—and nothing more ! For hearts
 We oft’ner do without, than with them, lady !

Clif. So does not wed this lady.

[*Advances, c. Julia goes to him as for protection.*]

Tin. Who are you ?

Clif. I’m secretary to the Earl of Rochdale.

Tin. My lord ?

Roch. I know him not.

Tin. I know him now—

Your lordship’s rival ! Once Sir Thomas Clifford.

Clif. Ay, Sir ; and once this lady’s bridegroom—who
 Then loved her—loves her still !

Jul. Was loved by her—

Though then she knew it not !—is loved by her
 As now she knows, and all the world may know !

Tin. We can’t be laughed at. We are here to wed,
 And shall fulfil our contract.

Jul. Clifford !

Clif. Julia !

You will not give your hand ?

[*A pause—Julia seems utterly lost.*]

Wal. You have forgot
 Again You have a father !

Jul. Bring him now,—
 To see thy Julia justify thy training,
 And lay her life down to redeem her word !

Wal. And so redeems her all ! [*Crosses, c.*] Is it your will.

My lord, these nuptials should go on ?

Roch. It is.

Wal. Then is it mine they stop !

Tin. I told your lordship

You should not keep a Hunchback for your agent.

Wal. 'Thought like my father, my good lord, who said
He would not have a Hunchback for his son,—

So do I pardon you the savage slight !

My lord, that I am not as straight as you,

Was blemish neither of my thought nor will,

“ My head nor heart. It was no act of mine,—”

Yet did it curdle nature's kindly milk

E'en where 'tis richest—in a parent's breast—

To cast me out to heartless fosterage,—

Not heartless always, as it proved—and give

My portion to another ! “ the same blood—

“ But I'll be sworn, in vein, my lord, and soul—

“ Although his trunk did swerve no more than yours—

“ Not half so straight as I.

“ *Tin.* Upon my life

“ You've got a modest agent, Rochdale ! Now

“ He'll prove himself descended—mark my words—

“ From some small gentleman !

“ *Wal.* And so you thought,

“ Where nature played the churl, it would be fit

“ That fortune played it, too. You would have had

“ My lord absolve me from my agency !

“ Fair lord, the flaw did cost me fifty times—

“ A hundred times my agency :”—but all's

Recovered. Look, my lord, a testament [*Shows will*

To make a pension of his lordship's rent roll !

It is my father's, and was left by him,

In case his heir should die without a son,

Then to be opened. Heaven did send a son

To bless the heir. Heaven took its gift away.

He died—his father died. And Master Walter—

The unsightly agent of his lordship there—

The Hunchback whom your lordship would have stripped

Of his agency,—is now the Earl of Rochdale !

Jul. The Earl of Rochdale !

Wal. And what of that ? Thou know'st not half my greatness !

A prouder title, Julia, have I yet.

Sooner than part with which, I'd give that up

And be again plain Master Walter. What !

Dost thou not apprehend me ? Yes, thou dost !

Command thyself—don't gasp ! My pupil—daughter !

Come to thy father's heart ! [*Julia rushes into his arms.*]

Tin. We've made a small mistake here. Never mind, 'Tis nothing for a lord.

Enter FATHOM, R.

Fath. Thievery ! Elopement—escape—arrest !

Wal. What's the matter ?

Fath. Mistress Helen is running away with Master Modus—Master Modus is running away with Mistress Helen—but we have caught them, secured them, and here they come, to receive the reward of their merits.

Enter HELEN and MODUS, R., followed by Servants.

Hel. I'll ne'er wed man, if not my cousin Modus.

Modus. Nor woman I, save cousin Helen's she.

Wal. [*To Heartwell.*] A daughter and a nephew has my friend,

Without their match in duty ! You shall marry.

“For you, Sir, who to-day have lost an earldom,

“Yet would have shared that earldom with my child—

“My only one—content yourself with prospect

“Of the succession—it must fall to you—

“And fit yourself to grace it. Ape not those

“Who rank by pride. The man of simplest bearing

“Is yet a lord when he's a lord indeed !

“*Tin.* The paradox is obsolete. Ne'er heed !

• Learn from his book, and practise out of mine.

“*Wal.*” Sir Thomas Clifford, take my daughter's hand
If now you know the master of her heart :

Give it, my Julia ! You suspect, I see,—

And rightly—there has been some masking here.—

Well : you shall know anon how keeps Sir Thomas

His baronetcy, still—and, for myself,

How jealousy of my mis-shapen back

Made me mistrustful of a child's affections,

Although I won a wife's—so that I dropped
 The title of thy father, lest thy duty
 Should pay the debt, thy love alone could solve,
 All this and more, that to thy friends and thee
 Pertains, at fitting time thou shalt be told.
 But now thy nuptials wait—the happy close
 Of thy hard trial—wholesome, though severe ?
 The world won't cheat thee now—thy heart is proved
 Thou know'st thy peace by finding out its bane,
 And ne'er wilt act from reckless impulse more !

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
 THE CURTAIN.

	CLIFFORD.	JULIA.
	HELEN.	WALTER.
	MODUS.	ROCKDALE.
HEARTWELL.		TINSKEL.
O.		&

THE END

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2009

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